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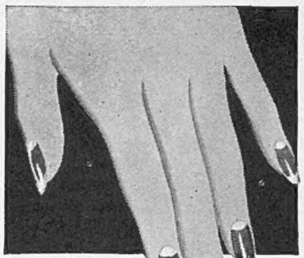
Beautiful down to her finger-tips



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The Sketch

No. 2149.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY YEVONDE.

A COUNTESS CALLED AFTER A CAPITAL.

THE COUNTESS OF ABINGDON is the wife of the eighth Earl, and was Miss Elizabeth Valetta Montagu-Stuart-Wortley. She received her second name because her father, the late Major-General the Hon. Edward James Montagu-Stuart-Wortley, was the Brigadier-General at Malta at the time of her birth. Valetta is the capital of the island. Lord Abingdon, who was formerly in the Grenadiers, holds the appointment of Family Trustee of the British Museum.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

MEDICINE.

A FRIEND writes me that he has been stricken down with two attacks of influenza in rapid succession. He says that after the second attack he was feeling like a place which I would rather not mention; and though I deplore his vocabulary, I sympathise with his feelings, for, with the possible exception of being flattened out by a steam-roller, there is nothing which so completely robs life of attraction as influenza. My friend, however, asserts that he has been plucked from the abyss by a marvellous remedy. It takes the form of some chocolate-coated pills containing (he says) health, strength, vitamines, pituitary, a new lease of life, and a great many other things, in an incredibly concentrated form. He says the effects are miraculous; "and the beauty of it is," he adds, "that it is so easy to take." He is so enthusiastic that he feels it his duty to spread the glad tidings among all his friends. If spots should rise before the eyes, if you should feel the slightest danger of becoming like the picture of Before, then (he says) do not hesitate—swallow chocolate-coated pills, and life will take on a new seeming. I hate to suspect him of ulterior motives, but he is so pressing that I begin to wonder whether he has been taking a course of Earn Money in your Spare Time, and is getting a commission on sales:

"THE SKETCH'S" SPECIAL PRINTS.

With this issue we are giving a portrait of Miss Ginger Rogers. With our number dated April 18 we shall present a portrait of

MISS DIANA WYNYARD.

Just to remind you, we began our very popular and original silver series with studies of the Misses Jean Harlow, Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo, and Joan Crawford, in blue and silver. On December 27 we began a new series in black and silver with a portrait of Miss Norma Shearer, and continued with studies of the Misses Constance Bennett, Claudette Colbert, Ruth Chatterton, Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Madeleine Carroll, Jessie Matthews, Elisabeth Bergner, Miriam Hopkins, Merle Oberon, Janet Gaynor and Lilian Harvey.

I do not know why I should be an object of such solicitude to my friends—naturally, I take it as very flattering—but I have another correspondent who has made a hobby of homeopathy. Far be it from me to enter into a scientific controversy, especially as I know almost as little about *materia medica* as the average G.P. does; homeopathy may be, for all I know, everything that my friend asserts: but when he recommends his drugs on the ground that they are so easy and pleasant to take, then I join issue with him.

There was a generation—and I happened to belong to it—which grew up on sterner stuff than this. To us of the old Spartan school, medicine was medicine, and the taking of it was a test of character. Over our hardy childhood loomed the shadow of certain things which were "good for us," things which reminded us that life was real, life was earnest. Ours not to reason why, ours but to do and die. There was, for example, castor-oil. Modern weaklings, I understand, take it (if they take it at all) in lemon-juice, or milk, or even brandy; the only remaining stalwarts who take it as we took it—"straight," and without flinching—are those who have been indiscreet enough to question the principles of Fascism. There was a great character-builder known as Gregory's Powder: in my blacker moments, I can still feel its acrid grit between my teeth. Akin to it, and only one degree less formidable, was Liquorice Powder. I did not often encounter brimstone-and-treacle, but it still existed in those days, and I have seen it administered without fatal results, and, indeed, without a murmur from the victim. Once I experienced gunpowder. Yes, ye generation of vipers, just plain, unmitigated gunpowder, by the spoonful! And let me tell you that a child who has passed through the Ordeal by Gunpowder is in good training to meet any of the crises of life. As Mr. Kipling has so eloquently said, if you can take Gregory's Powder without making a face, you 'll be a man, my son.

Now, I do not say that these remedies were ideal from a purely therapeutic point of view. One could hardly claim that still earlier generations, who had to take even more drastic specifics, such as raw pigeons'-hearts or dried newts, had mastered all the secrets of Æsculapius, though I have no doubt that their hideous concoctions did them a great deal of good; for faith is the most important ingredient of any medicine. The simple point I wish to make is that we have gone to the other extreme. What is now the universal remedy for ailing children? Incredible though it may sound, it is barley-sugar! Barley-sugar, which we of a sterner epoch regarded as one of the indulgences of life, a reward of virtue, and even then to be taken with studious restraint, lest it should "upset" us! Glucose! Instead of the abomination of desolation that was Liquorice Powder, instead of the dust and ashes in the mouth, more and more sweetness when you are not feeling quite yourself! Why, I remember in that old, fantastic medicine-chest, there was a cup made of wormwood. You filled it with water, allowed it to stand for a long time, and then, bracing yourself to a great effort, drank the draught. Words fail to convey the horrors of that taste. And now it is glucose! We are breeding a race of human jujubes and raspberry drops, not hearts of oak (or even wormwood), or boys of the bull-dog breed. No wonder they are so emphatic that they will not "in any circumstances" fight for King and Country. They would melt if they tried.

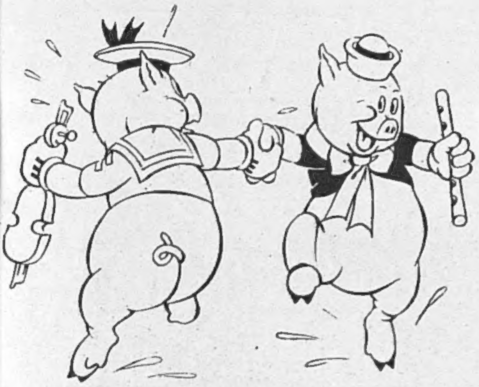
I speak in no grudging spirit towards youth. I recognise the attractions of barley-sugar, and am humbly ready to crunch the crumbs, so to speak, which fall from the nursery-table. But the old system was not mere brutality. Our parents played fair. Our barley-sugar was a compensation well earned by fortitude. On the whole, the jam was worth the gunpowder; and we learned the important lesson that the balance between jam and gunpowder is one of the first principles of existence. But if barley-sugar is a medicine, there is no compensation for it, except more barley-sugar, until life becomes an endless spiral of sticky, cloying sweetness. Hence I hold that this delusion that medicine should be *nice* is sapping the vitality of the nation.

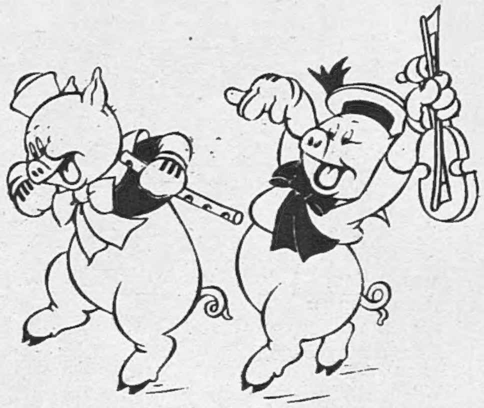
However, it is all right. I have no doubt that it will soon be established beyond the shadow of a doubt that barley-sugar is poison to the system, and acidosis an outworn myth. Who knows — Gregory's Powder may yet come into its own.

THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: "Oh, Arthur; do you think it's quite the thing to put 'Queenie Robinson' and the 'Reverend F. Page Roberts' in the same bed?"

DRAWN BY STAN TERRY.

THE CLASSIC "THREE LITTLE PIGS" AND THE BIG BAD WOLF!

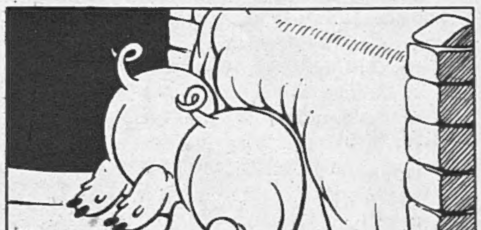




THE LITTLE PIG WHO BUILT HIS HOUSE OF TWIGS.

THE LITTLE PIG WHO BUILT HIS HOUSE OF STRAW.

THE LITTLE PIG WHO BUILT HIS HOUSE OF BRICKS.



"THE THREE LITTLE PIGS," as created by the one and only WALT DISNEY, have now gained a World-Wide Fame that is even greater than that they enjoyed when in their familiar form of our childhood's days. Just as famous is the BIG BAD WOLF, whose huffing and puffing powers end so disastrously for that sympathetic villain. The cheery little pigs' defiance of the black Wolf has given the theme for the tune to which everyone dances nowadays. The scenes we show above (for the few that have not seen the film) are as follows: The Pigs who built [*Continued opposite.*

Continued.] houses of twigs and of straw showing they are not afraid of the Big Bad Wolf; the same merry pair laughing at the wise pig building a house of bricks, and, then, congratulating themselves on having been too smart for the Wolf. They are next shown threatening to put the Wolf "on the spot," and dancing in the house of twigs, which they believe to be safe. The Big Bad Wolf is pictured huffing and puffing until he became blue in the face, trying to blow down the house of bricks; and also trying to get into the house by pretending to be a poor little sheep.

A FEW OF THE PICTURES IN "THREE LITTLE PIGS" (FROM THE WALT DISNEY SILLY SYMPHONY IN COLOUR); PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, AND HERE REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THAT FIRM.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Earliest Spring Salmon Caught in the Ribble.

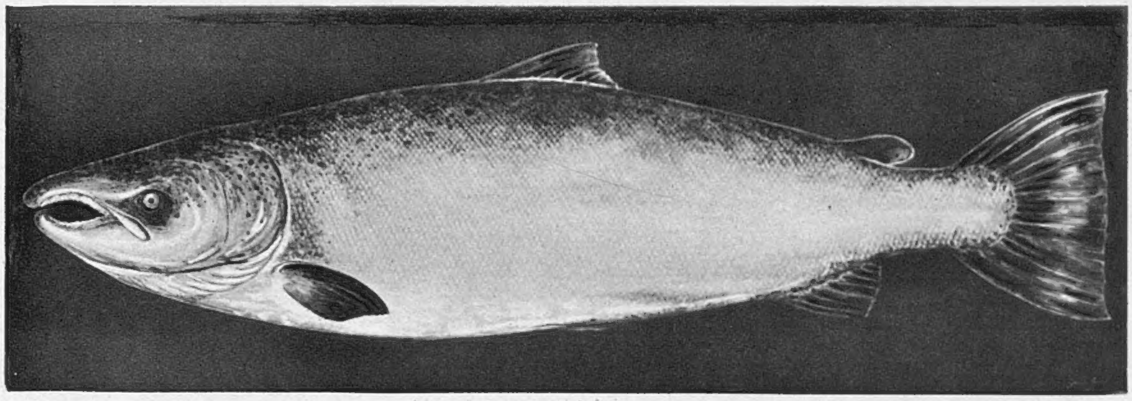
Some weeks ago, I hinted that spring salmon might be more in evidence in the Ribble and Hodder during the next few seasons. The photograph reproduced on this page rather bears this out, for it shows Mr. Roger D. Houghton with a 13½-lb. salmon which is believed to be the earliest fish ever caught in the river. The story of the capture of this fish is interesting. Mr. Houghton was using the "thread-line" outfit shown in the photograph, with a gossamer line about as strong as the thread a man chooses when he has to sew on a button. The fish was hooked at dusk in the head of a fast stream, and it was dark long before Mr. Houghton managed to gaff it an hour later, and three-quarters of a mile lower down the river. Excitement and thrills galore must have been packed into those sixty minutes.

A Fine Tay Salmon.

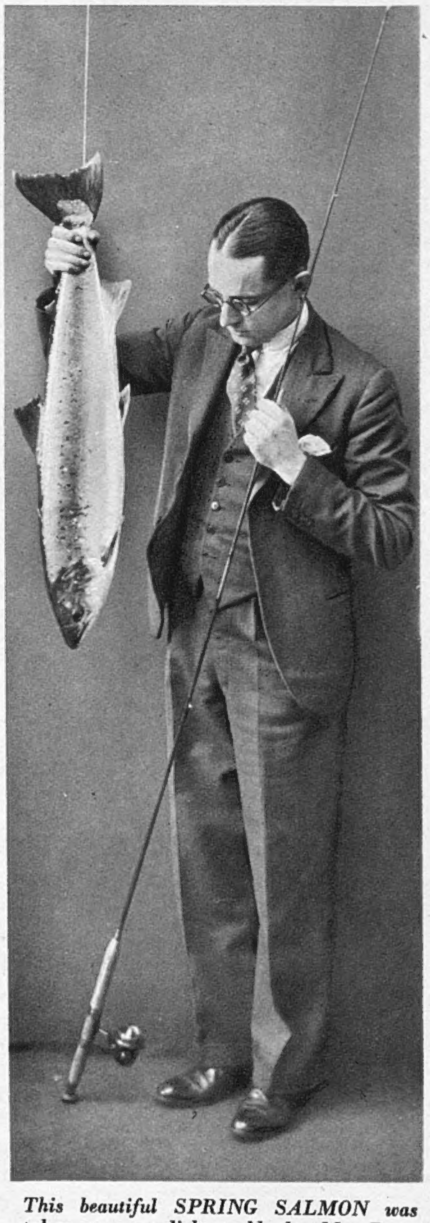
On the last day of February, immediately after Mr. C. W. Randall, lessee of the Murthly Castle water, had left the river to return to his hotel in Perth, boatman Robert Keay hooked a heavy salmon. After an hour's good sport on light tackle, the salmon was landed, and turned the scale at 36 lb. It was the heaviest fish for the season up to that date, and the heaviest fish that had ever fallen to Keay's rod, though he has fished a lifetime on the Murthly Castle water. The fish was brought ashore right by the home of Miss G. W. Ballantine, who still holds the record for the heaviest salmon caught in the British Isles, with the 64-pounder which she caught on the Glendelvine water on Oct. 7, 1922. Miss Ballantine kindly sent me the particulars.

Salt Licks for Sick Fish.

The idea of supplying salt-licks for fish seems rather fantastic, but I know the originator of the idea, Mr. H. E. Towner Coston, who is managing the Leckford Estate water, and I am sure he would not publish the suggestion unless he is satisfied that it is sound. He had considerable experience of trout waters in New Zealand before he came to this country a few years ago. In the March, 1934, issue of the *Salmon and Trout Magazine*, Mr. Coston describes how he applied the cattle salt-lick principle to fish. He first tried the effect of placing a 2-lb. bar of ordinary cooking-salt in one of the stews in which the fish were looking a little sick after spawning, and saw several of the fish swim up to the salt, and literally roll over and rub against it, almost in ecstasy. Taking the hint, he obtained a supply of rock salt, and each stew now receives a large lump of salt every five days. Fish which had previously been lethargic and off their feed have been transformed. On the evening of the first day the salt was put in, the fish were leaping exuberantly, and on the following morning were keenly awaiting their food. Although the idea has only been tried out in stews, I should think that in small lakes it might prove very beneficial for coarse fish, as well as trout. Carrying the idea further, it occurs to me that a few blocks of salt put into salmon pools when fish are crowded together owing to low water, might help to ward off disease.



Women are not admitted as members of the Fly-Fishers' Club, but the RECORD SALMON CAUGHT ON ROD AND LINE IN THE BRITISH ISLES was landed by a woman, Miss Georgina Ballantine. This water-colour of it to scale—by Mr. John Rennie—hangs in the Club. It was made from exact measurements, and an outline supplied by Miss Ballantine. The fish weighed 64 lb., was 54 in. in length, and had a girth of 28½ in. It was hooked at 6.15 p.m., on a sprat, on the Tay, on October 7, 1922. It took two hours to land, and took Miss Ballantine one mile down stream. Larger fish have been caught in the nets. There are records of one of 84 lb. in the nets from the Tay in 1869, and of 82 lb. and 71 lb. in 1870.



This beautiful SPRING SALMON was taken on very light tackle by Mr. Roger D. Houghton, as described in the article on this page.

Trout and Eels.

From an Irish correspondent I have heard of an interesting phenomenon observed on one of the well-known West of Ireland loughs. This lough contained a good stock of trout, which rose well to the fly, and it also contained quantities of eels. When the eels were netted out, the trout ceased to rise, and became bottom feeders. Eels are bottom feeders, and while they were in possession the trout found surface feeding more profitable. As soon as netting ceased and the numbers of eels increased, the trout resumed their former habit, and again rose freely to the fly. One of the drawbacks to a great many trout lakes is the tendency for all but the smallest trout to become bottom feeders. In the light of the above example, it might be worth while to experiment on such waters by turning in some eels. I wonder what Donald Carr would say to putting eels into Blagdon Lake.

Oak-Apple Floats.

To me the idea of employing oak-apples to serve as fishing floats is distinctly original, and eminently practical, as they float well and cost nothing to replace. Mr. W. J. Raison, hon. secretary of the Farnborough and District Angling Society, was the originator of the idea of these oak-apple floats, which he has found most satisfactory for all types of bottom fishing. All that is required beyond boring a hole through the oak-apple is to make a small wooden plug to fit into the hole to grip the line. With the plug above the oak-apple one has a good grayling float, or a serviceable float for dace or roach. With a quill passed right through it is suitable for tench, chub, etc., and with a tiny plug barely protruding from the hole, it makes a good float for fast, shallow water, or for carp-fishing.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

A lump-sucker weighing 4½ lb. was caught by an angler last week while fishing from the Victoria Pier, Folkestone. The angler did not know what it was, so he was evidently not a reader of *The Sketch*, as a picture of a lump-sucker appeared in *The Sketch* of Feb. 14, 1934.

Mrs. Ling caught a magnificent salmon of 32 lb. in the Park section of the Aberdeenshire Dee.

On Saturday, March 17, Mr. Luke had twelve salmon, from 8 lb. to 21 lb., to his own rod on the Upper Brae Water, River Spey. On the previous Thursday he had six fish, from 8 lb. to 20 lb. Excellent sport is being obtained on the Spey this season.

R. L. Marston.

THE LAST DANCE OF THE PRE-EASTER SEASON.

Mrs. Norah Hanbury's dance for her son and daughter was the last of the pre-Easter season balls. It was given for MISS MARTHA ("Marty") HANBURY and Mr. Nicholas Hanbury. Miss Hanbury is dancing with MR. DAVID NARES.

MR. PETER GIBSON, MISS PETA DAVIS, and MR. CHARLES HARDING were guests at the dance, which was held in the Eaton Place house of Mrs. Maude, mother of the hostess.

This bird's-eye view of dancers sitting out on the stairs shows (l. to r.) MISS PAM RITCHIE, MR. VERNEY, MR. A. MASSEY, and LADY GLORIA VAUGHAN, daughter of the Earl of Lisburne.

The HON. MICHAEL NORTON, only brother of Lord Rathcreedan, was snapped at the refreshment buffet with his partner.

MISS M. VESEY, LORD MONTGOMERIE, eldest son of the Earl of Eglinton, and the HON. JEAN ELPHINSTONE are shown from left to right.

MR. WILLIAM WALKER and LADY JANE FITZROY were guests. Lady Jane is the débutante daughter of Viscountess Ipswich, and is a sister of the Duke of Grafton.

LONDON ASIDES.

By PAMELA MURRAY.

MOVABLE FEAST. Sir Philip ("Park Lane") Sassoon has gone to Sestrières, where Lady Jean Mackintosh's party is said to be twenty strong. A decorative member of this primarily hearty band is Miss Moira Hunter, who has been engaged to Sir "Tammy" Monro since 1932. She has preferred snow to Scotland, but those returning to her native Angus for Easter include Mrs. Peter Dudgeon (minus twins) and Lady Forres.

At the SURREY UNION HUNT POINT-TO-POINT. MRS. J. HUSBAND, MRS. KENNETH URQUHART, and MRS. R. GOLD; and (on the back seat of the car) Mrs. Urquhart's sisters, the MISSES JOAN, SYLVIA, and ROSEMARY NEVILL.

LORD MANTON (on white horse), MRS. C. MILLS, and LADY CATHERINE WILLOUGHBY are seen leading the field when moving off for the first draw when the Quorn met at Thorpe Satchville.

Those with country seats seem inclined to sit in them till the end of April, returning for Epsom Spring Meeting on the 24th, at which we can expect to see Mrs. Micklethwaite walking with Baroness Beaumont, Mrs. Euan Wallace smiling "radiantly," Mrs. Buchanan-Macdonald looking knowingly at horses, and elderly gentlemen putting heads together safely out of earshot of their womenkind in the club stand. Which horses we can expect tc see passing the post in which order I leave to those whose business it is to write as decisively as their evasive habit allows. One of these recently stated that Grandpapa is the first horse owned by Mr. W. H. Gull, whereas he won a race with Blue Grass last year and bought a nice colt by Manna at the last Newmarket Sales but one! Mr. Gull's a great character in the City, and an acute observer of this human comedy, talking little and seeing much. At resorts he sips Vichy and asks the way to the racecourse. When there is no racecourse he asks the way to the station.

ALDERMAN H. G. TYRWHITT-DRAKE is a famous man in the Animal World, for his private "Zoo" at Cobtree Manor is one of the best of its kind. He has now thrown it open to the public. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Bertram Mills last week. Our group—taken in the "Alice in Wonderland" section—shows ALDERMAN H. G. TYRWHITT-DRAKE; MRS. MILLS, holding the white rabbit; and MR. MILLS (l. to r.). Cobtree Manor is interesting from a literary, as well as a natural history, point of view, as it is the original Dingley Dell of "Pickwick."

Apart from ancestral homes and the lure of Brighton, most of those whose flats are their castles (and occasionally their white elephants) spend Easter "somewhere near Etaples." 'Plane services reported record bookings, including a new line from Heston with the suitable trade-mark of "Banco." Lady Hindlip, "Smuts," Mr. Eskdale Fishburn, the George Calvocoressis, Helen Lady Adare, Mr. and Mrs. Hanké (June Child) with "Bunting" Stephenson (very pretty these days), and the Freddie

MR. PETER SCARLETT, H.M. Diplomatic Service, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Yorke Scarlett, of Fyfield House, Andover, is engaged to MISS ELIZABETH BIRCHALL, daughter of Major Sir John Dearman Birchall, of Cotswold Farm, Cirencester.

Whites are some of those I expect to see in mid-air, the latter pair in their own machine. For details of who arrived with who, and left with what, see next week's "Asides." To avoid disappointment, order your copy in advance.

Taxi-ing towards a younger crowd we meet Miss Margaret McKenzie on her way to meet Lady Cecilia Wellesley at the hairdresser's, and gather from the burble of superlatives that Cecilia's dance was the best for weeks. She's a delightful girl to look at, and in disposition, which also applies to Miss McKenzie, one of last autumn's Scottish débutantes, her mother being Mrs. Campbell of Dolphinton, and her aunt Miss "Florrie" Horsburgh, whose Methylated Spirits Bill failed to stick. Bad luck, because the bad practice it sought to prevent is fairly prevalent in the northern underworld, with miserable consequences. At next autumn's meetings, Margaret McKenzie, Patricia St. Clair (another who's very well liked), Lady Elizabeth Murray, etc., will be joined by the Maitland-Makgill-Crichton girl, who is both handsome and brave, having won her spurs, or badges, bobbing in St. Moritz. Among London débutantes Mary Ormsby-Gore has an intellectual forehead, and her cousin, Laura Palmer, a cheerful manner; Bettine Tollemache has naturally curly red-gold hair, and the daughters of Mrs. Wessel and Lady

Winchilsea live up to their mothers' and elder sisters' reputations. Mrs. Wessel was on the stage as Denise Orme before she was Lady Churston, while Lady Winchilsea was the beautiful Margaretta Drexel. We can't personally recommend any others at this early date, but Mrs. Richmond Temple's Marie Smith and Mrs. Jack Southey's Virginia Clark should shine among those at the Queen Charlotte's Ball—an occasion for giving debs. the charitable once-over.

Two parties drew the London French colony before Easter. One was at Mrs. Cecil Bourke-Burrowes's new house (almost next door to Ernest Thesiger's), where the Marquise de Castellane and other Parisians admired pearly walls, neither white nor grey, and the hostess talked her native tongue, switching into her nearly-native English at intervals. "Hélène's" cakes and conversation maintain the elegant tradition of her diplomatic upbringing. We suspect she has the former flown from Paris.

At the Comtesse Tillette de Clermont-Tonnerre's cocktail-party Mrs. Gordon McCreedy wore an eloquent hat over her interesting green eyes. She 's the Duc d'Ayen's sister. Lady Malcolm talked about her first grandchild, the George Malcolms' heir, and Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon told us her daughter, "Pam" Douglas-Hamilton, is getting used to Hong Kong.

Sir George and Lady Cockerill were at home to hundreds recently, which meant that cars got into knots behind their exclusive Knightsbridge railings. Downstairs—tea and portraits by Stewart Hill, who 's painting Lady Cable. Upstairs—strong drinks and sculpture by Sir George, who also writes sonnets, the publication of which drew plaudits from France's highbrow Press. In England the literary world couldn't get over an ex-Member of Parliament and Major-General taking to poetry. A few rollicking huntin' verses might have been in character—but SONNETS, and good at that, were too great a shock. It forgot that in the seventeenth century gentlemen were not only automatically soldiers, but frequently poets—from the great Montrose to the lesser Carolines who "could not love thee, dear, so much."

Mrs. Herbert had a rout before spending a quiet Easter with her family — the Du Pres. Her youngest sister's engagement 's finally official. The middle sister 's Lady Churston. Basil Kennedy proved a gay bachelor host at his new business H.Q., and yet another party had Lady Muriel Worthington as hostess at Grosvenor House, where she puts up on her much too rare London visits. The Stewart-Clarks—country cousins who spend a lot of good times in this city—were entertained for by her decorator-brother, Arundell Clarke, and to Freda Lady Forres's went Lady Mount Temple, who can take in a roomful at a glance, if you know what we mean, and Lord Elibank, whose "A Man's Life" is good fun, strenuous, and vital—a man's life in more than name.

The HON. PAMELA STONOR with MR. R. THORESON at Mrs. Hanbury's ball.

This supper-time group at Mrs. Hanbury's dance consists of the HON. MRS. FRASER, the HON. MRS. BARRY BINGHAM, MRS. NORAH HANBURY, the hostess, and ADMIRAL SIR HOWARD KELLY.

SEEN SOMEWHERE. Mrs. O. T. Norris, planning her pianist-daughter Pamela's wedding to cricketer Maurice Allom, for April 26 at their Surrey home.

Lady Alington of the adorable smile, walking.

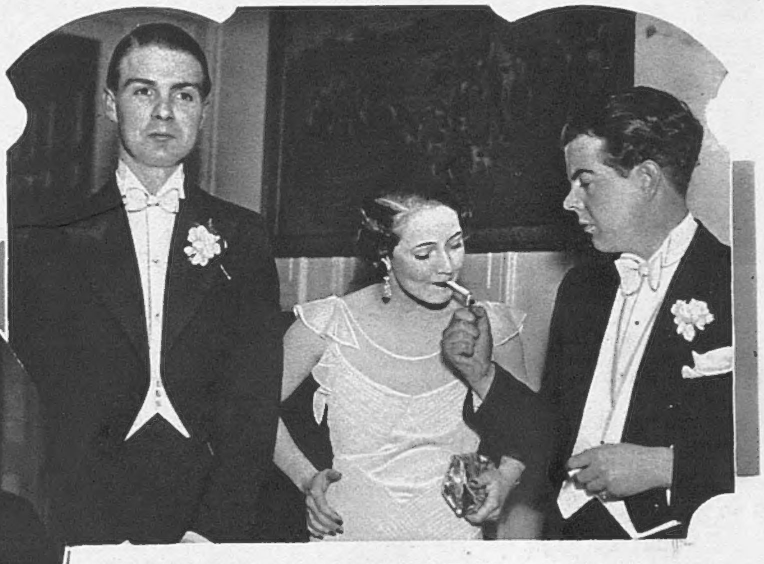
Sir Cuthbert Quilter occupying the island opposite Boodle's.

Mrs. Violet Breasted trebly escorted.

The Alec Robertses lunching together as always.

Lord Haddington crossing a street with the same dash that he rides races.

Having missed Liverpool owing to a cold in the head, the Staff College Point-to-Point was our next outdoor objective. If horses, riders, and fences were not of Aintree class, the mud was. The predominating military atmosphere (from a group of five Generals surrounding Primrose Salt to the delightful R.M.C. cadets who led expeditions to outlying jumps) had charm. Every nice girl loves a soldier. A sailor, Captain Gerald Villiers, brought his wife; Mrs. Jimmy Ford and Mrs. Napoleon Brinckmann (whose first point-to-point this was) were together; Colonel and Mrs. Colin Defries brought a lot of classy food; Lady Chichester, Miss Beatrice Baker, Miss Chalmer (with "Frankie," her superlatively amusing parent), Lady Susan Askew with her husband and their bridesmaid, Miss Lambton; Lady Victoria Villiers with nearly all her daughters; Mrs. "Ned" Guinness with guests, and Lady Jellicoe, were some in sight. The last had good news to give of Lady Myrtle Balfour, who has been dangerously ill, and is still a long way from convalescent. Her baby 's doing well. Miss Molly Combe's was a new face to us and a welcome one. Mrs. Somerset Hopkinson's was a new mackintosh and a grand one. Driving back through Peach (!) Street, Wokingham, and past the Four Frogs ("What for?"—as the classic joker said), we reflected on a damp but happy day, deciding that, if world peace means no more military, we should prefer a tiny little harmless war, preferably some way off.



MR. F. J. McGRADY, LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, débutante daughter of the Earl of Inchcape, and MR. NICHOLAS HANBURY are seen at Mrs. Hanbury's dance.

The HON. SHEILA BERRY, second daughter of Lord Camrose, and MR. DEMETRIADI were guests at Mrs. Hanbury's dance.

STOP PRESS. The Hugh Leveson-Gowers, who were quietly united in marriage on Wednesday, left for Scheidegg to practise stem Christianias. Friends won't be done out of a reception, which will follow the honeymoon.

HINTS ON DRESS FORM

The HON. JOAN MARJORIBANKS, younger daughter of Lord Tweedmouth, went racing the other day in one of the new hats with a high crown and a stitched peak. She is with ADMIRAL EARL BEATTY.

MISS CHRISTA PARAVICINI (l.) has her hair in an upward curl under her brimmed hat. She is with LORD WHARNCLIFFE and MISS ROBINS.

The MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY wears her silver foxes in an amusing manner. The DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER'S dress is embroidered in a sun-ray effect.

(Left) The MARCHIONESS OF QUEENSBERRY is an artist who goes racing sometimes. Her turned-up-all-the-way-round hat is smart.

(Below) LADY URSULA FILMER-SANKEY wears her silver fox like a ruff.

LADY DUNWICH, wife the Earl of Stradbroke's eld son, has a short fur coat and turned-up felt hat.

FROM SPRING MEETINGS.

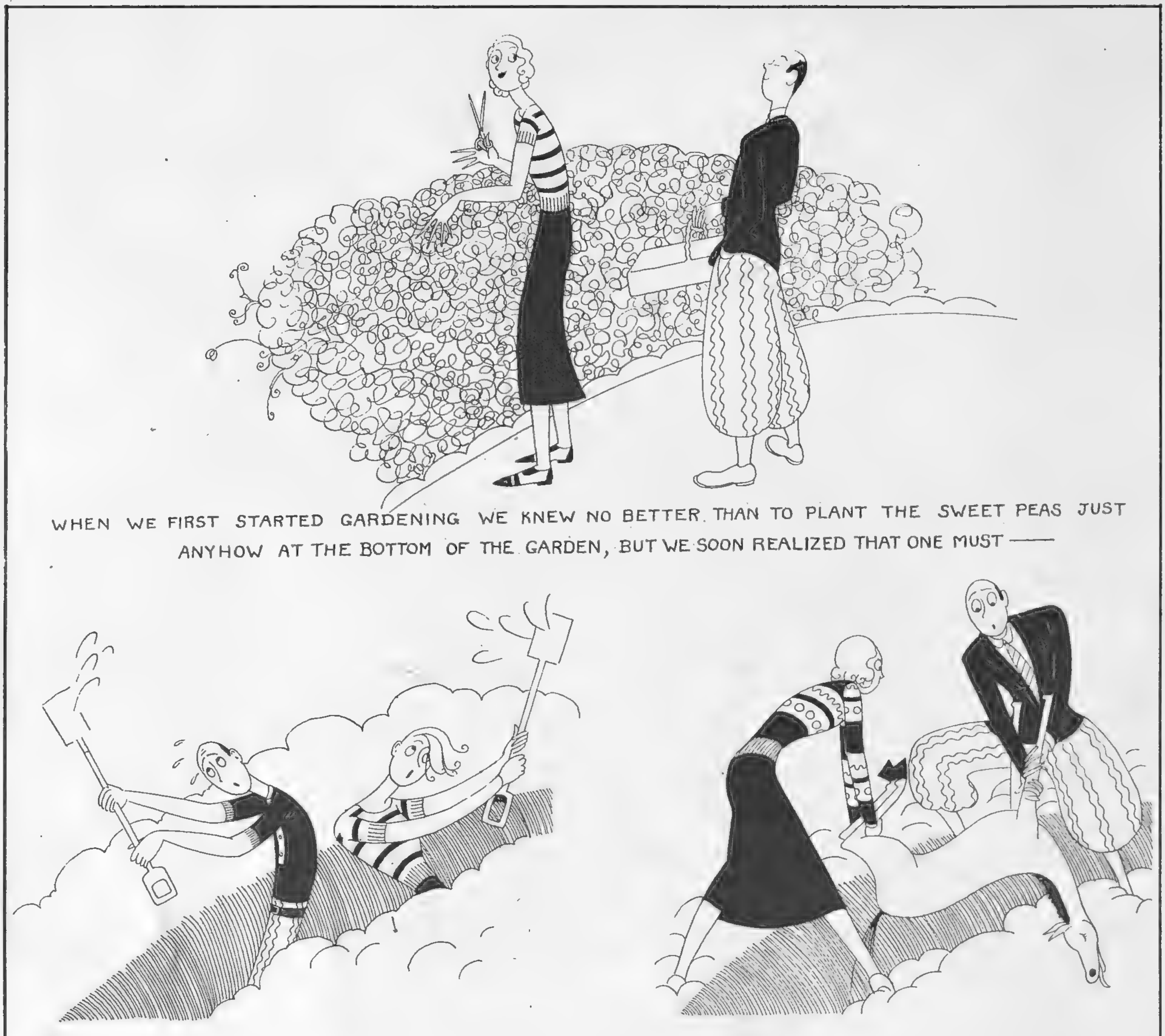
LADY ALEXANDRA METCALFE'S coat has fur sleeves and an all-round collar of fur.

LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH (here seen with CAPTAIN BOYD ROCHFORT; left) carries a circular handbag when she goes racing.

LADY HULSE, wife of Sir Westrow Hulse, Bt., wears revers of snow leopard.

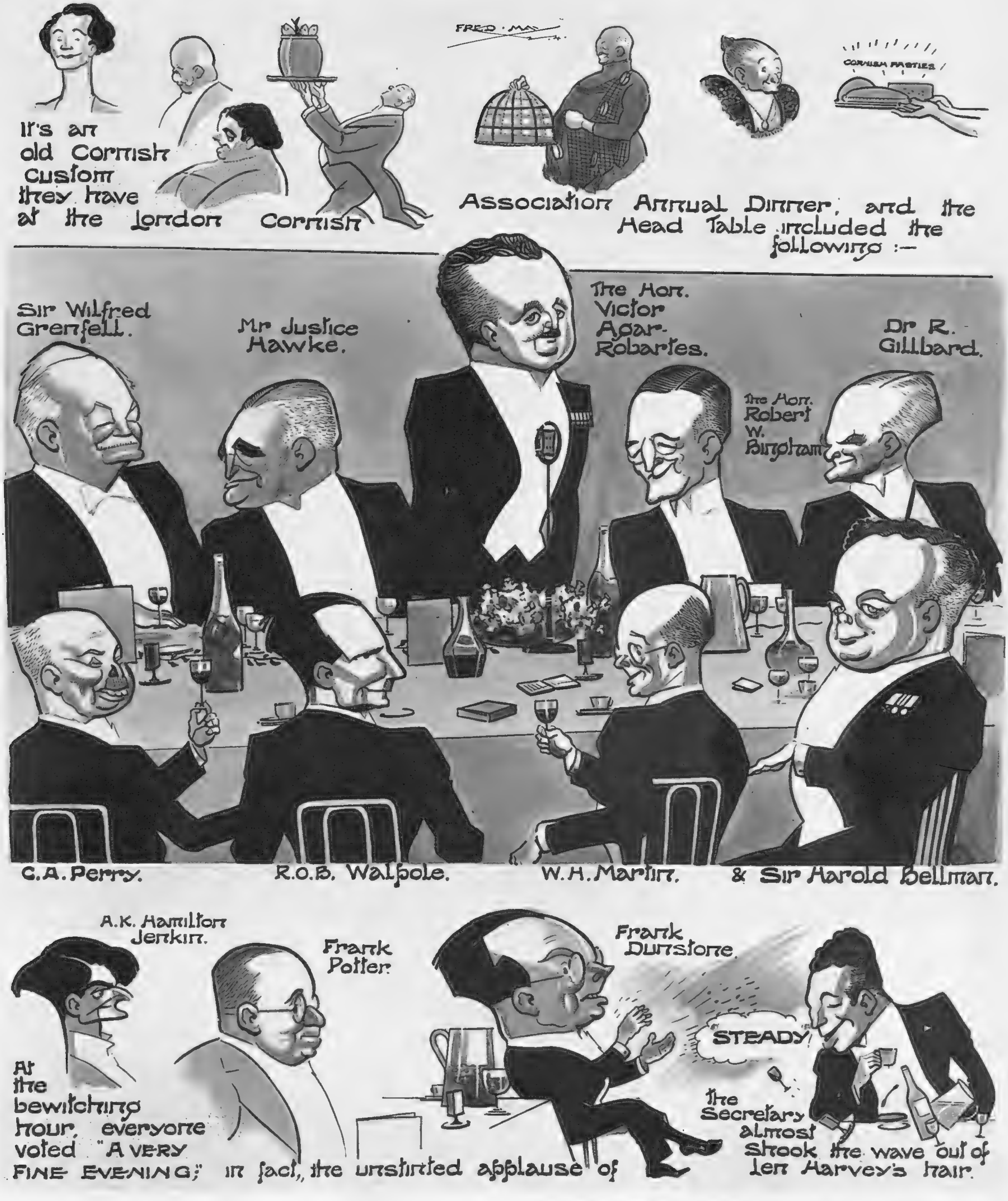
(Left) MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH wears a dashing cape over her checked suit.

(Right) LADY BUCHANAN-JARDINE (centre) has the very latest hat and a tailor-made with a very chic line. She is with MRS. GERARD LEIGH and SIR JOCK BUCHANAN-JARDINE.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE EXPERTS.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY JOYCE DENNYS.



"ALL GOOD CORNISH MEN": THE LONDON CORNISH ASSOCIATION DINNER.

A grand Cornish atmosphere prevailed at this dinner. An old fisherman and his wife came up from Mousehole, and presented a bowl of yellow Cornish clotted cream (none better!), a "buzza" of pilchards, and a pasty to the principal guest, the Hon. Robert W. Bingham, United States Ambassador. Cornish spring flowers, and daffodils from the Scilly Isles, decorated the room; the latter brought up by aeroplane at the last moment by Lord Sempill. The Hon. Victor Agar-Robartes was in the Chair. The Hon. Mr. Justice Hawke is President of the Association. Sir Harold Bellman is Vice-President. Sir Wilfred Grenfell, C.M.G. (of Labrador fame), replied to the toast of "The Guests." Dr. Richard Gillbard is Chairman of the Association. Mr. W. H. Martin was Chairman of the Dinner Committee, which also included Mr. R. O. B. Walpole and Mr. Frank Dunstone (Hon. Sec. of the Association). Mr. C. A. Perry is President of the Bristol Cornish Association. Len Harvey, need we add, is the famous Cornish Heavyweight and Cruiserweight Boxing Champion of Great Britain.

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. X.—IVOR NOVELLO.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. IVOR NOVELLO, actor, manager, dramatic author, film star, and composer, is the tenth to go into the "confessional."

"ODILE!" The curtain fell with a soft swish. Silence. Ivor Novello clenched his hands. The rest of the cast stared at him in horror.

It was the dress rehearsal of "The Rat" ten years ago at Brighton, and Ivor Novello had absent-mindedly done a "terrible" thing. He had spoken the "tag" line (the last line of a play). It is a theatrical superstition that this "tag" line should never be spoken until the first performance, and Ivor Novello, almost frantic with anxiety, had forgotten himself to the extent of doing this.

"Good night, everybody. Or I suppose I should say good morning." Ivor Novello turned on his heel and walked away to his dressing-room. It was half-past six in the morning. The rehearsal had lasted for nearly sixteen hours. Dress rehearsals are supposed to be bad; it augurs for a successful first-night; but this one had been appalling. Disaster after disaster had happened: lights, scenery, actors, and stage technicians had all contributed their quota of "hold-up."

Ivor Novello walked back to his hotel with despair in his heart. He seemed to be on the eve of one of the biggest "flops" in stage history. If, as seemed very probable, "The Rat" failed, it would be a disaster for him which it would be almost impossible ever to live down. Hitherto he had confined his efforts almost exclusively to films, and this was his first venture to write, finance, and act in his own play.

Unless a miracle happened to-morrow—or, rather, later that day—all his efforts to make a name for himself on the stage would be lost, and with it all the money he had managed to save and had put into the production. He was £75 overdrawn at the bank, with no assets except himself and a lot of scenery.

But even as he came to this gloomy conclusion, Ivor Novello realised that he had another asset: the friendship of Constance Collier. Without her, his ambitions would not have ever got as far as this. She alone of his friends had encouraged him to present "The Rat." She had even helped him to write it and stage it. She at least had had faith in him.

He came face to face with her in the lounge as he crossed it on the way to his bed-room. He tried to avoid meeting her glance. What would she be thinking of him after *such* a dress rehearsal? But it was impossible to cut her, and so Ivor Novello raised his eyes from the ground and met hers. All Constance Collier did was to smile. It was enough. All the confidence and sympathy she could express was in it, and it at least made it possible for him to sleep.

But his awakening plunged him once again into the worst condition of despair. The telephone-bell rang beside his bed. He answered it. It was the manager of the theatre.

"Good morning, Mr. Novello. Sorry to wake you up so early, but what I have to say is of the utmost importance."

"Yes?" Ivor Novello suddenly felt cold and afraid. There was an uncanny quality in the theatre-manager's voice. He sensed what was coming.

"Well, Mr. Novello," the business-like voice continued, "you 'll agree that the dress rehearsal was pretty bad."

"Yes. It was." Ivor Novello was certain now. It came word for word as he expected.

"Well, don't you think we 'd better call it a day and not open? I can get another company down by to-night and I 'll release you from your contract."

Ivor Novello hesitated. He felt very tempted to agree to the theatre-manager's proposition. It seemed the only way out; he had had to struggle against apathy and opposition from the word "go," and now he was so very, very tired. Would it not be better to give in now and just not succeed, instead of struggling on and failing? He 'd spoken the "tag" at the dress rehearsal, and surely no play could succeed after that?

Then he remembered Constance Collier's smile. Could he bear to see it replaced by a look of disappointment if he threw up the sponge? Ivor Novello made up his mind.

"Well, I 'm afraid that I cannot release you from *your* contract. Nothing would induce me not to open."

The rest of the day up to the time for the performance to begin was sheer agony for Ivor Novello. He was at that time highly superstitious, and, apart from the last-minute anxieties and troubles of play-production, everything conspired to increase his agitation.

For a start, as he drove Constance Collier to the station to fulfil her professional engagements in London, which would prevent her from being present at the opening performance, his car was caught in a traffic block. *The cause was a funeral.* Ivor Novello touched wood desperately, but all the same a terrible fear hovered over him as he arrived at the theatre.

Then he had another shock. Passing through the stage-door, the door-keeper called out to him: "Good luck, Mr. Novello!"

Ivor Novello looked round and opened his mouth to thank him, when he noticed that *the man squinted.* With fingers crossed, he entered his dressing-room, only to find that an electrician who was replacing a broken globe was *whistling* (whistling in a theatre dressing-room is another "fatal" thing to do), and of all things in the world, he had chosen to whistle *Tosti's "Good-bye"*!

It was all Ivor Novello could do to prevent himself from losing his temper. But even then superstition had not finished harassing him. A friend of his arrived a few minutes later, and brought with him a *dark-haired woman who was a stranger*! Ivor Novello implored them to go away and to meet him later. Then, worst of all, his friend, who was a determined wit, said: "Well, 'when shall we three meet again?'" *He had quoted "Macbeth."*

Ivor Novello was very near to tears when the curtain went up. He had just wished his assembled company "Good luck." Good luck indeed, after all those horrors that had been happening! The cue for his entrance came. Well, here goes, he thought, one tiny human will against the whole of fate.

. . . .

"Odile!" The curtain fell with a soft swish.

Silence. Ivor Novello clenched his hands. There was a roaring in his ears. This was the end—he had failed—his friends had been right—he was ruined.

Then, suddenly, Ivor Novello realised that the roaring in his ears was not due to any head-noises; it was coming from the audience.

Then he began "taking curtain calls." Twenty-nine of them! And two years later "The Rat" was still taking curtain calls. This cured Ivor Novello of two great diseases—inferiority complexes and theatrical superstitions.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

MR. IVOR NOVELLO, one of the most versatile men of the present-day theatre, is the tenth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He was born in 1893; and was first known as the composer responsible for "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Tabs," and other war-time "hits." He began his film career in 1919 in "The Call of the Blood," but did not make his first appearance as an actor on the regular stage until 1921. He is the author of "The Rat" (with Miss Constance Collier), "I Lived with You," "A Symphony in Two Flats," and other well-known plays; and has acted leading rôles in his own pieces with great success, as well as appearing in many other plays. He is equally popular in London, the U.S.A., and Canada.

ALL SHIPWRECKED — FOR A SUCCESSFUL PARTY.

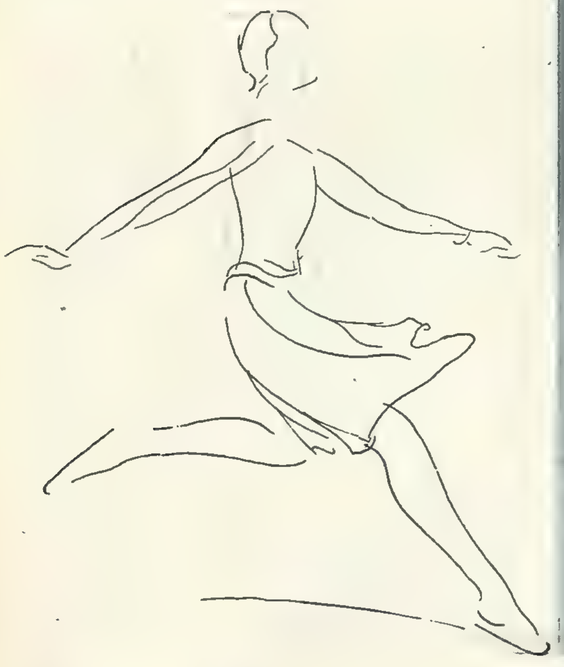
The Padre, MR. THORN, was correctly dressed for Sunday School. He and MRS. RAPSON, who is becomingly, if not so formally, attired, are singing "On a Steamer Coming Over."

(Top right) This group of happy "survivors" includes MR. E. MITCHELL, MISS HITCHCOCK, MISS R. KITTOE, MISS J. HITCHCOCK, and MR. F. H. JARMAN.

Guests who attended the party at the de Havilland School of Flying at Hatfield were asked to come as if they had been shipwrecked, or, alternatively, as pirates ready to harry the shipwrecked people! MR. GILBERT ELLIOTT expected to have met the disaster in pyjamas; and MR. and MRS. GEOFFREY DE HAVILLAND were evidently in their baths when the ship went down!

MR. HOLMAN and MR. GERALD FORD came as pirates. They are here claiming MRS. BEDDINGTON as "useful salvage from the wreck."

MISS GIPSY DICKS wore an attractive négligé; and MR. RIVERS OLDMEADOW still wore his life-jacket



HAY WRIGHTSON.

A SILVER MEDALLIST IN HER RINK-DRESS.

MISS JOY MARINA LYON is the only daughter of Mrs. FitzRoy Lyon and of the late Mr. FitzRoy David Lyon, 1st Life Guards. Her mother recently joined with the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell in giving a dance for her and the Hon. Nefertari Bethell. Miss Lyon is an enthusiastic skater, and holds the Silver Medal of the National Skating Association. She skates both at the Ice Club, Westminster, and at the Park Lane Ice Club, and is here posed in her smart and becoming velvet rink-dress.

(Right) This seventeenth-century stump-work picture—for comparison with the modern example—was made by an ancestress of Sir Richard Paget—Miss Mary Ruddock—in 1683. Miss Ruddock married Mr. John Paget in 1693. It is uncertain what it is intended to represent; but Sir Richard says that it is believed to be either the visit of Queen Esther to Ahasuerus or the visit of the Queen of Sheba to King Solomon.

(Below) "SIR RICHARD HORNER PAGET, BT., P.C., LADY (Caroline Isabel) PAGET, AND THEIR FAMILY." This most interesting needlework picture represents the late Sir Richard and Lady Paget, their sons and daughters, their sons- and daughters-in-law, and grandchildren, grouped under the Arcade at Cranmore Hall, Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire. The present Sir Richard Paget designed it, and modelled the faces and hands in plaster-of-Paris, afterwards waxed and painted over; and his mother, Lady Paget, embroidered all the architectural details and the fine border of leaves. The work was begun in 1901 and finished in 1927, as a companion picture to the one above. Each lady of the group embroidered her own costume. From left to right the figures are: Viscount and Viscountess Gladstone; Sir Richard A. S. and Lady Muriel Paget; Sir Richard H. and Lady Paget (seated in centre); Miss Hylda S. Paget (afterwards Mrs. A. E. Balfour); Lieut.-Colonel Geoffrey M. Paget (Coldstream Guards); Gervais Bruce (died in H.M.S. "Monmouth"; æt. 15); Mrs. (Alethea Georgina) Bruce, carrying her daughter Sheila (now Lady Crawshaw); Percy R. Bruce, Esq. (now Lieut.-Colonel Clifton, of Clifton Hall, Nottingham). The two children in the foreground are Sylvia Mary Paget (now Mrs. Christopher Chancellor) and Pamela Winefred Paget (now Lady Glenconner), daughters of Sir Richard and Lady Muriel Paget.

"FAMILY PORTRAIT" STITCHERY: PAGET STUMP-WORK.

The Staff College Point-to-Point was held at the Arborfield Remount Depot. MR. HENRY HOWARD seems sure about the pleasures of a sandwich in the rain. With him is Admiral Bellairs' daughter, MISS BICE BELLAIRS, who is on the stage and is to play in the next production at the Savoy, a piece by Baron d'Erlanger. Mr. Howard is at Sandhurst.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

ANY débutante with difficult grandparents must take them to the Exhibition of Children Throughout the Ages, which opens at Chesterfield House on April 20, and lead them to the tableau depicting Victorian Family Life. Concord seems absent from the picture of this period of much-vaunted domesticity. A boy is throwing ink on the floor, two other children are quarrelling, and a horrified mother peers in at the door, obviously unnerved by the naughtiness of her offspring.

What a lesson for critical elders! I shall look forward to observing their reactions to the tableau. There are to be a whole set of these "Pictures of Nursery Life" in bygone days, so perhaps the Edwardians will get a caution, too.

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Did you know that Oliver Cromwell wore stays when a child? It's true that they are only tiny padded things, but there's something rather rich about the idea of the Iron-willed Protector being tied up into anything of the kind, even at a very early age! The Hieroglyphic Bible lent by Mrs. Woodbine Parish is described as being for the "amusement of youth," as the sacred stories are told in pictures, not in words. On the whole, we've scored by belonging to a generation nurtured on another kind of picture.

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Sir Stephen Demetriadi is the most devoted of fathers. Last year he chaperoned his girl to practically every dance she attended. This year he is still at it. His party of twelve for Mrs. Hanbury's ball did not include Miss Demetriadi, as she was not back from Aintree in time for dinner, but she followed on with a second instalment of guests after a "snack meal."

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Mrs. Hanbury's ball was the last of the pre-Easter dances, and one of the best. Spring flowers were arranged in bouquets on the walls of the ball-room; all the débutantes were dancing, and a few marrieds like Kate Mary Bruce, who was in taffetas with taffetas gloves. Fortunately Miss Marty Hanbury was able to attend, in spite of the scare of her high temperatures of the two days before. She wore a high-necked velvet jacket over her evening dress for safety's sake, but it might just as well have been for smartness; and had golden-yellow orchids to match her hair.

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One of the better results of the droughty season is that our mackintoshes have a lovely virginal whiteness. Primrose Salt, Mrs. Somerset Hopkinson, and Lady Chichester all had good ones at the Staff College Point-to-Point. When the rain stopped, Lady Chichester took off hers, to reveal a red tweed. The Salt and Mrs. Cecil Brownhill both stuck to theirs. The latter's simple wet-weather hat was enlivened by her diamond-horse brooch; the former would evidently sooner get her hair wet than spoil a hat—anyway, she didn't have one.

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The Lord Mayor of Liverpool speaks Spanish extremely well, so he specially enjoyed having the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Perez Ayala as guests for the Spring Meeting and the week-end after. His Excellency had never seen the National before, and must have enjoyed it, as the day and the race were both perfect, and the Lord Mayor's box is in an excellent position.

MISS MOLLY COMBE is one of the prettiest of this year's crop of débutantes. She was snapped with MR. FAULKNER at the Staff College Point-to-Point.

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The Contessa di Sant' Elia, who was in Sir Warden Chilcott's party (which also included her great friends, Lady Chamberlain and Miss Diane), has an Italian husband, but is herself all English and owns Walmer Castle. Her enviable possessions also include a heavenly imitation bull-terrier, which stands on the steps of the castle and barks alarmingly when pulled along by a string. Her husband has a Court Appointment in Rome, and is rich as well as distinguished. I could almost have guessed that he was comfortably off, from the fact that his race-coat was lined with sable.

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Débutantes observed at Aintree included Lady Anne Cavendish-Bentinck, who came with Lady Titchfield. Both wore navy-blue suits of what is known as the "neat" variety. Lady Titchfield was sporting enough to run across the course and down to one of the jumps before the big race, instead of just watching proceedings from Lord Derby's grand box.

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To be "it" you must have one of the hats with the shallow brim, balanced on the head and worn with an elastic under massed curls at the back to keep it anchored in place. I don't promise, however, that you'll all look as well as Lady Delamere does in hers. Everyone will also want to order a blue suit in the dangerous "love-bird" shade. Lady Stanley can wear it satisfactorily, but it's not to be recommended recklessly to women of every age and type.

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Olive Snell—or Mrs. Eben Pike, if you prefer it—has forsaken London. She and Colonel Pike have gone to live at Ditcham Park, near Petersfield, and given up their London house. Mrs. Pike assures me that she adores country life; and also that she has converted the former chapel at Ditcham into a spendid studio. However, she is too wise a woman to burn all her metropolitan boats. She has a little flat in

Beauty was well represented at the Staff College Point-to-Point meeting by débutantes past and present, including the Baker sisters, and, particularly, by MISS BEATRICE BAKER, who is here snapped sheltering from rain in her car. She was presented in 1932 and is one of the most sporting girls going about. She never misses meetings round London, whether "flat" or otherwise, and is definitely in favour of point-to-points.

Mayfair, which will house the girls, Pom and Pen, when they come up for dances, and let their mother exchange the view over the South Downs and the sea for Bond Street in May, if she feels like it.

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The most ingenious adaptation in house decoration and furnishing to be found in London lies to the credit of Lady Vernon. In her newly built house in Trafalgar Square (Chelsea, of course. She does not look out on Nelson, the Merry-Go-Round, and the lions) the door-handles are made of carved balls of ivory. They are billiard-balls brought up from Sudbury Hall, the Vernon place in the country!

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Lord and Lady Vernon's house is next to that owned by Freda Lady Forres. It has quite large grounds, and the garden façade has been designed to suggest a building in Normandy. The Vernons take their name from the town in Northern France which their ancestor left when he came over with William the Conqueror, so this makes them feel "homey" no doubt.

Another interesting point about the house is that it only contains two pictures. One is a study of arum lilies set in the wall over the drawing-room fireplace, and the other is a water-colour in Lord Vernon's smoking-room by his daughter Avice, who is now fifteen and painted it a year ago. It represents the view from Freda Lady Forres's bedroom, looking down the garden to the wall, where a piece of her sculpture stands in a niche.

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Oliver Hill was the architect for both Lord Vernon's house and that of Freda Lady Forres. He is well known for his admirable modern designs, but, strangely enough, there's nothing 1934 about the structure of his own country cottage in Sussex. It dates from the fourteenth century.

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Hostesses need a rest cure, even if débutantes are as fresh as when our giddy Lenten round of balls began, and it looks as if they were to have one during April, for at present the list of dances is as short as a list can be. Lady Ypres is the only important hostess who has fixed on an April date. Her ball on the 5th is for her young daughter and son, and will bring all the débutantes out in new frocks.

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The first of May is Labour Day. It will also be the first of a series of Hard Nights for chaperons. Mrs. Stirling of Keir and two other hostesses have all chosen that date. What is the largest number of dances which one can attend in a single evening? In these speed days there is probably no limit, but enterprise in this respect may be damped down by the idea of writing so many letters of thanks to hostesses on the following day, in accordance with the New Politeness.

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Party-giving and taking girls out are not the sole occupations of Londoners. The Personal Service League takes up a good deal of the time and the thoughts of both the younger and the older generation. The Chelsea Depot, for instance, is very active. The Junior Committee are organising a ball on May 23, in addition to their usual round of a good many common tasks. Girls with the loveliest rosy finger-nails make up office fires as well as their own faces. They fetch and carry, unpack, cut out and sew. No job, however long or—and this is more remarkable—however dull, comes amiss to them daily from ten a.m. till 1 p.m. I looked at their report last week, and felt quite giddy when I read that 11,774 boots, blankets, and garments had been distributed in Chelsea, and that Chelsea has taken on Battersea and Fulham, and is endeavouring to supply their needs too!

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The last pre-Easter party in London was the Egyptian Legation reception in honour of King Fuad I.'s birthday. Just a "Conversation Piece" this year instead of the usual ball, but a very successful one. Dawood Bey, the Chargé-d'Affaires, was host in the absence of the Minister, and the flowers, the food, and the people were all first-class.

Mrs. Peter Rodd's high spiked coral crown, Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox's raisin-coloured georgette and diadem in a "question-mark" design were good dress notes, but Lady Dashwood provided the chief sartorial sensation by the ermine halter trimming to her black dress. Lady Winterton's immense frill of black organdie "petals" arranged round the knees of her skirt was also rather exciting.

The Navy was represented at the Staff College Point-to-Point at Arborfield by COMMANDER GERALD VILLIERS (ret.) and MRS. VILLIERS. She was Miss Joan Heber-Percy, and he is a cousin of Lord Clarendon.

Lord Lovat's sister, Miss Magdalen Fraser, whose marriage to Lord Eldon takes place on April 10, ought to be one of the most beautiful brides of the year, as she is tall, handsome, and very distinguished in appearance, and, what's more, she walks with a stately grace that is quite a rarity.

Mr. Geoffrey Birkbeck has just painted a water-colour portrait of her, which the family are very pleased with. He is best known as a landscape artist, but has done some most attractive portraits in water-colours of late, and is soon going to have a show of them. He has featured Miss Fraser's very handsome engagement ring in his picture of her. MARIEGOLD.

MRS. SOMERSET HOPKINSON (in white mackintosh) and MRS. GEOFFREY WHITAKER are seen in a shower at the Staff College Point-to-Point Meeting. Mrs. Hopkinson was one of the Staff College wives who entertained a big picnic party. Mrs. Whitaker's mother is Lady Welby, the sculptor, and her husband is Captain Geoffrey Whitaker, Coldstream Guards.

MRS. "NED" GUINNESS (right) is seen at the Staff College Point-to-Point Meeting with MRS. WALTER FFENNELL, who stayed with her for the week-end. Mrs. ffennell's home is Martyrworthy Place, near Winchester, where she gets a lot of her favourite sport, fishing. She looked extremely smart, as usual, in a geranium-coloured cap and scarf with the indispensable "mack."

The HON. LADY CHICHESTER—very attractive in a béret—was an early arrival at the Staff College Point-to-Point. She is with MR. J. PAGE-BLAIR (centre) and CAPTAIN MATTHEWS.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

The HON. DOROTHY PAGET (here seen with her trainer, left, and her jockey, right)—FOR BEING SO PLEASED WITH GOLDEN MILLER'S RECORD WIN IN THE GRAND NATIONAL THAT SHE HAS ENTERED HIM AT ASCOT.

THE HON. DOROTHY PAGET is the owner of Golden Miller. Mr. Basil Briscoe trains for her, and G. Wilson was the jockey. Golden Miller is entered for the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot.

MR. D. FRASER, of Pinner, accomplished the apparently impossible by doing the short fifteenth hole at Northwood in nothing when playing in the Middlesex Alliance Stroke Tournament! He received a stroke and holed out his tee shot.

MISS JUDITH ANDERSON—FOR MAKING A STRIKING SCREEN SUCCESS WITHOUT MAKE-UP, OWING TO A STRIKE.

MR. D. FRASER—FOR DOING A HOLE IN NOTHING.

MISS MEGAN TAYLOR—FOR HER RATTLING SUCCESS IN WINNING THE LADIES' FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN FOR THE THIRD TIME RUNNING, AND RIDING THE RATTLE-HORSE, BALLYSCANION.

MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE—FOR BEING SECOND IN THE LADIES' FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN.

MISS MEGAN TAYLOR won the Ladies' Figure Skating Championship of Great Britain with 2682·6 marks. She is shown in our photograph riding Ballyscanion, the horse that only runs its best to the sound of a rattle. Mr. Harry Hedges had a whip with a rattle attached made for Ballyscanion, and was photographed with the horse and his rattle-whip in *The Sketch* issue of September 30, 1931. Miss Taylor was seen at her best in the jumping and spinning in the Figure Skating Championship. She performed perfectly a sitting change foot-spin; to conclude with the best touch-toe step of the evening.

MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE was second in the Ladies' Figure Skating Championship of Great Britain with 2595·3 marks; and MISS MOLLIE PHILLIPS was third with 2217·5.

MISS JUDITH ANDERSON gives a notable performance in "Blood Money," the gangster film recently presented at the New Gallery. Her face appears to be dead white in the film: the reason for this is that there was a strike on in Hollywood when it was made, and they could not mobilise the requisite number of camera-men to bring out the texture of skin; but the peculiar effect does not detract from Miss Anderson's performance.

MISS MOLLIE PHILLIPS—FOR BEING THIRD IN THE LADIES' FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. William La Varre and Mrs. La Varre have just returned from an original, and not very comfortable, sporting expedition. They left the northern coast of British Guiana, and proceeded through the jungle on diamond-fishing bent. They had, on occasion, to wade almost to their necks in water. The big black attendant in this photograph was an out-size, as may be realised when he is compared with the La Varres.

(Right) Mrs. La Varre is seen examining some precious stones found by means of panning in the bed of a river. Her husband believes that there are diamonds about in Guiana.

THE JOYS OF DIAMOND-FISHING!

FOURSOMES DAY: UNIVERSITY GOLFERS AT FORMBY.

The Oxford and Cambridge Inter-University Golf Match was played at Formby last week. These spectators are watching the play at the eleventh and twelfth holes.

MR. G. R. A. JAMIESON (Winchester and Magdalene; the Cambridge Captain) is putting on the eleventh green. He and his partner, Mr. Law, won their match.

MR. K. A. S. MORRICE (Eton and Magdalen; Oxford Captain) is shown playing from a bunker to the fourth green. He and his partner, Mr. Pennink, won their match, chiefly by means of Mr. Morrice's courageous play when all seemed lost.

MR. A. A. DUNCAN (Rugby and Balliol), MR. J. S. L. LYON (Uppingham and Trinity Hall), MR. R. G. DE QUINCEY (Rugby and Trinity) and MR. J. C. NEILSON (Marlborough and Clare) giving the all-clear at the sixth green. De Quincey and Duncan won for Oxford.

This group shows three Cambridge Blues, past and present, who have all played in 'Varsity matches—MR. GUY ELLIS, MR. W. F. ELLIS, and MR. HUMPHREY ELLIS. Mr. W. F. Ellis played with Mr. Marsham and won their match. Oxford won the foursomes.

GRAN'POP GIVES A LESSON IN ACROBATICS.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

TRAVELLERS in the eighteenth century needed considerable fortitude, for, after crossing the Channel in very small sailing-boats, they had to be rowed to shore, and finally carried by strong men through the shallows to dry land! This lively drawing by Philip Jacob de Loutherbourg, R.A. (1740—1812), gives a very good idea of what cross-Channel travel was like in the eighteenth century. Two examples of de Loutherbourg's work were exhibited in the recent Exhibition of British Art at Burlington House.

FROM THE PICTURE "THE DOVER PACKET"; REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE SQUIRE GALLERY.

LANDING AFTER A CHA

ANNEL CROSSING IN THE 18TH CENTURY!

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. *Janet Jevons*

POPULAR FAVOURITES AFTER A DANCE

A REFRESHING PICTURE OF
MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE AND MR. RONALD SQUIRE

GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.

Leicestershire Letter.

The hunting season may be dying, but it is putting up a jolly good fight. Of the three Leicestershire packs, the Belvoir, in particular, are finishing up full of running. It just shows that hounds have lost none of their skill, given the right material to work on; also that counter-attractions such as race-meetings divert some of the over-riders, to the great advantage of sport! Anyway, when the "Duke of Rutland's" met a small field at Buckminster on Lincoln Handicap day, there was a very "huntable" feeling in the air. Unfortunately, the morning was void of foxes and nothing could be done till hounds got out of the artificial earth area and arrived at Bescaby Oaks. Here a very stout customer was found, who, going away on the right side, skirted Sproxton Thorns, Coston village, and Garthorpe before being killed in Wymondham. This was a really good hunt which sent most people home well content, but a hardy few kept going till Burbidges was drawn, and they were rewarded by another high-class tour.

Lord Bangor's eldest and youngest daughters, the HON. HELEN WARD (left) and the HON. MARGARET WARD, both competed in the Ladies' Race at the East Down Harriers Point-to-Point Meeting at Bright, Co. Down. Miss Helen Ward won the race on Billy Button, and is seen leading her sister, on Johnny Mac, at the first fence.

From Landyke Lane.

Groans went up when Belvoirites heard of Saturday's drawing plans. All the woolliest places were on the list. Old Hills, Holwell Mouth, and Harby Hills. But visit number two did the trick, for a fox was holloaed away from the bottom of "the Mouth," and the way hounds ran him along to Little Belvoir made one think there might be something rather good afoot. Sure enough, off he went into the Vale, *via* Nether Broughton, to Sherbrookes, and on to Hose. Could anyone think out a more perfect line? No jostling, either, and everyone agreeable. The heavy morning rain made all the difference to the aroma, and also helped to take weight off the "cautious"! There is nothing like a mackintosh for high-speed slimming. From Hose, another fox took on the job, and did it well, going back to Sherbrookes and round in a reasonable ring before finding a hole by Hickling.

Miscellaneous.

"National" day, of course, saw a good special-full start off to Liverpool from Melton, and, though George Beeby's friends and admirers wished he could have "brought it off" with Delaneige, no one grudged Golden Miller his splendid victory. The Quorn were at Thorpe Satchville that morning, and more people turned up than might be supposed. It was only a moderate day, though pleasant enough to ride about in the sun. The hills and holes of Burrough Hill-cum-Punch Bowl country were first endured, but later the Ashby Pasture-Gaddesby land was decorously traversed. Sir Raymond Greene and Mrs. Wyndham came for a change of air from over the Cottesmore border, and had a good ride. The latter pack have been out of luck lately, and cannot signal any recent success. They have been badly handicapped by Lord Sefton's long illness; his absence only emphasises his excellence as field-master. Mr. Hilton Green has done his best to show sport, and slips in a bye-day whenever possible.

A "Beaufortshire" Budget.

The last lap! Half-past eleven meets, and droppin' to four days a week. Oh, dear! How sadly-soon cometh April, with an end of all our best fun, and, instead, the chastened delights of mountaineering in the wake of hill-foxes, with the sun hot on our backs, the primroses and violets carpeting the mazy woodlands, and our struggling steeds, with their new coats sprouting, all a-lather! Meanwhile, a moist, mild March week gave us quite a lot of galloping and jumping, which is what most of us hunt for! A big crowd forgathered at Jackament's Bottom, and enjoyed themselves sufficiently, if not exuberantly, in a steady fox-chase from Mr. Hugh Baker's withy-bed on the Fosse, past Boldridge's Brake and Major Allfrey's place, over into Shipton Wood; then all the same way back, and forrard past Chedglow, where the Hugh Bakers and Hugh Barkers dwell side by side, in such confusing proximity that the thirsty hardly know which house to halt at! So on past Crudwell, faster at the finish, over the Earl's border, and to a kill in the open short of Eastcourt! "Hurrah!" said the satisfied, quite damp enough; and, duty done, they declared for home, whilst the order for Trull went forth.

Loose Running.

A tremenjous, old-fashioned hound-hunt filled the afternoon, beginning with a lively start enough from Trull, over that delicious bit past George's Gorse to Miss Patricia's fox-covert. That large wall away from George's Gorse caused considerable disaster, four or five loose horses galloping on, one, bridleless, belonging to our beloved sporting Padre of Westonbirt, whom we were all *too* thankful to find intact, though a bit shaken and shattered. His horse gave a marvellous display of timber-topping as he made his way back over the main road and Tetbury railway, jumping every gate as he came to it, including those on to and off the line! On and on and on went hounds, slowly but firmly, till they had reached Calcot Barn; and then Avening and Cherrington and Lowsmore and Hazleton and Trull again—finally giving it up by Star Farm, after covering umpteen miles and "keeping on keeping on" for several hours, with a point of half-a-dozen miles thrown in.

Thursday was not too good, a Silk Wood fox surrendering at Bowldown, and hill-hunts filling the bill later from Boxwell, and then the Kilcot end of the range. Whither "Beaufortshire"? Mostly to Aintree, not Lansdown, on Friday! Master amused himself with the ups and downs of the Bath hills, whilst many parties did the day-trip quite successfully, and others stayed on up North for the Saturday racing. Still, there was quite a big field at Rodbourne, mostly mackintoshed or muftied for the downpour, which presently slackened into a mere drizzle. We kept moving, not very fast, but, still, covered a lot of ground, and it is now heavy enough to bring horses back to you! Starting from Stanton Park, we circled round the Easton side of Leighdelamere, then worked our way back from Stanton Wood, by slow degrees, past Surrendell into the Alderton-Grittleton arena, and adventured forth later past Cream Gorse to the Farleaze-Norton patch. Our sporting artist, who is very busy with the brush just now (not the fox's!), popped out in mufti for an hour's recreation, jumped a few of his own fences, and returned refreshed to the studio!

MRS. F. H. BREWSTER and MRS. W. E. H. GARNER took a portable wireless set when "hunting by car" with the Quorn when hounds met at Thorpe Satchville, so that they could listen-in to the broadcast of the Grand National while attending the meet!

MISS JEANETTE MACDONALD'S companions are Stormy Weather, the sheepdog, and Captain, the Scottie. They always travel with her

MISS BETTE DAVIS'S Tibbie is particular about his personal appearance.

MR. RICHARD ARLEN goes in for cocker spaniels. He is here posed at home with two young ones.

(Right) MISS SYLVIA SIDNEY is devoted to her dog, Zim. He has a slim and elegant figure, like his owner.

PETS — AND THEIR OWNER-STARS.

MR. GEORGE RAFT, Hollywood's famous "Man About Town," has a Scottie and an Airedale.

MR. CARY GRANT'S Scottie is a handsome but serious-minded dog.

MISS RUTH CHATTERTON is well protected by her two Great Danes. They accompany her to the studio.

MISS CLAUDETTE COLBERT'S wire-haired pup is called Mickey.

1. A young married woman in 1905.

2. A society hostess in 1905.

3. A fashionable woman in 1905.

4. A society woman of 1905.

5. MISS KAY FRANCIS is first seen in "THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET" (recently presented at the Regal) as a chorus-girl in 1905. She makes a rich marriage, but finds herself sentenced for a crime she did not commit, serves her time in prison, and comes out homeless and husbandless.

6. MISS KAY FRANCIS wears some beautiful costumes of the 1905 period in the sequences showing her as a fashionable young married woman of that time. Later she is seen in prison attire, and finally, when she earns her living as a card-sharper, she appears as a well-dressed woman of 1934.

7. A prisoner in an American jail.

8. The woman in search of work, after serving in prison.

9. MISS KAY FRANCIS in another 1905 dress. It must be noted that the picture ends with a tragic situation. Peggy (KAY FRANCIS) has to cheat her daughter at cards "to teach her a lesson" Later, the girl shoots her mother's card-sharping partner; and Peggy saves her by sacrificing herself.

10. The fashionable woman of 1934.

11. 1934 elegance by KAY FRANCIS at the end of the film.

AS CHORUS GIRL, CONVICT, MONDAINE, AND CARD-SHARPER — KAY FRANCIS.

BANKING ON "RIO RITA."

THE LLOYDS BANK DRAMATIC AND OPERATIC SOCIETY presented "RIO RITA" at the New Scala the other day. This scene is in the Floating Cabaret. The Dancing Chorus and Dancing Girls are giving "Yo Ho and a Bottle of Rum."

(Right) The March of the Rangers is given at the end of the first scene, the Mesa Francesca. Jim (MR. LEONARD STAINES) is in the centre among the Rangers.

(Below) General Esteban's Patio is the last scene in the first act. MISS MARGARET ROSE played Rio Rita; MR. LESLIE JAGO was the General; and MISS JOAN WILSON, who was originally cast for Lolita, took the part of Katie Bean at short notice, owing to the indisposition of Miss Marjorie Scrase, who was to have played this rôle.

"DOUBLE DOOR," at the Globe. Anne van Brett (CAROL GOODNER) is trying to put a secret telephone-call through, out of the hearing of the dread Victoria. She suffers for her audacity.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

A REALLY good farce is hard to come by, and it was a happy inspiration to revive P. G. Wodehouse's cheerful entertainment, "GOOD MORNING, BILL," for the rollicking laughter and generous applause at Daly's was proof enough that this time, contrary to general experience, a revival was welcome. It is difficult to define the peculiar genius that makes this piece so irresistibly funny. Does it lie in the neatly contrived plot, with its continual succession of absurd situations created by its ridiculously amorous hero? Does it rest in the fantastic caricatures of the peer with many wives; of his friend Bill, who is pathetically embarrassed with one mistress while ardently in pursuit of another; of an uncle whose single passion is a golf-stick; or of a lady doctor who melts from extravagant severity to wooing coquetry? Is it the felicitous spontaneity of the dialogue, that constantly twists into the unexpected, and makes jokes with effortless fecundity? There is no reasoned analysis in farce. Here all the world is topsy-turvy, and the grotesqueness of it all tickles us. Here is a ladder of inanities with every rung presenting a funnier view.

Mr. Peter Haddon is the ludicrously perplexed Bill, running from one situation into a helplessly absurd worse one. Hear him on the telephone making his pretence, and making excellent farce at the same time. His anguish is a joy. As Lord Tidmouth we have Mr. Lawrence Grossmith in his original part, which he created when the piece was first produced at the Duke of York's, and out of the simplest material he provokes a chuckle. His game of patience is pure nonsense, and his confession in an aside to his exasperated companion, Bill, is the limit of the ridiculous. The delight of his caricature is that it never touches life at any point, but just plays within its own whimsical orbit. That is why it is so astonishingly alive.

The naughty lady who clings like a barnacle when she is least wanted may not have so many opportunities, but Miss Phyllis Monkman, with the happiest blend of charm and vulgarity, makes the undesirable a very desirable spur of fun. Miss Winifred Shotter is the lady doctor for whom Bill has developed his pathetic passion; and, with that rare sense of the comical that is hers, she pins her ardent suitor in a professional cross-examination of mock severity, finally to crumple at the discovery that Bill really works into farcical coquetry, in a performance that is instinct with fun. As for old Sir Hugo Drake, ever seeking an audience for his golfing stories, Mr. Sebastian Smith is the epitome of vigorous fooling. "Good Morning, Bill," is an excruciatingly funny farce perfectly acted—and praise could hardly go further.

From farce to melodrama is a long stride, but if you go to the Globe and see Miss Sybil Thorndike in "DOUBLE DOOR," you will not only get your thrill, but you will look on a performance that has no match on our stage. For in these parts where abnormality borders on madness she is supreme. The merit of this play does not lie in its depth, nor in its essential truth, for it is primarily built for the theatre, and designed to provide a rôle giving these gifts of the actress full scope. To consider the play in a detached frame of mind is to discover the hand pulling the puppet-strings, and to be aware of the climax, not as an inevitable situation, but as a cleverly contrived scene. Such is the magic, the power, the intensity of Miss Thorndike's creation of Victoria van Brett, who rules the household with such unreasoning tyranny, that it is impossible to be detached. We are caught up and held till the incredible becomes credible.

It has been said that a second-rate play is the best vehicle for first-rate acting, though to dub "Double Door" as second-rate, since it provides such genuine entertainment, is to do it less than justice. The family dominated by a fear complex have not great opportunities, and Mr. Owen Nares in a thankless part gives it a semblance of conviction; though one wonders how this Robert had the courage to defy, except that it was necessary to precipitate the *dénouement*. Miss Dora Barton suggests the terrified housekeeper, Miss Carol Goodner the terrified bride, and Miss Christine Silver the terrified sister who blurts out the truth hidden behind the "Double Door." It is then that Miss Thorndike, in a scene of thrilling effect, suggests the mental breakdown of Victoria as she falls into insanity. It is a scene that gets every ounce of emotion by a performance of outstanding power. We forget the cunning devices employed to provide it, and are magnetised by the art of the performance. No wonder the applause was so hearty in its appreciation. It will surprise me if "Double Door" does not fill the Globe for some time to come.

"DOUBLE DOOR." A macabre study of the precise moment of the incarceration. Victoria (SYBIL THORNDIKE) is slamming the double door. Anne (CAROL GOODNER) is inside; but only her arm can be seen!

It is the poet John Masefield who speaks in "GOOD FRIDAY," not the dramatist. For the play, which was received at the Vaudeville with respectful attention, is one of contemplation rather than one of action. It appeals to our ethical sense and it taxes our imagination, for the tensest of all scenes, the Crucifixion, is merely represented by an empty Cross surrounded by a vociferous crowd. Besides this phantasmagorical climax, the main interest lies in the dual feelings of Pilate—his duty to Rome and his sympathy with Jesus—a vivid conflict vitalised by Mr. Arthur Wontner with dignity and emotion. Again, there is the plaint of the blind beggar, magnificent in her fealty, and played by Miss Nancy Price in the lofty spirit of Greek tragedy; and the ephemeral appearance of Herod in all his Oriental decoration and courtliness—a fragment that was raised by Mr. Wilfred Fletcher to a telling miniature of characterisation. Miss Esmé Church, too, and Messrs. Henry Fielding and Romilly Lunge, stood out by their diction; and the grouping of the masses by Mr. Norman Page was the feature of a fine production.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE teaming-up of Jeanette Macdonald and Ramon Novarro in musical comedy is not only a popular move, but, together with Jerome Kern's tuneful melodies, the major attraction of an extravaganza that has borrowed the title, the music, and not much else from a recent stage success. "THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" (Empire) is the story of two young composers and their love affair, with the usual separation when fortune smiles on one of them—in this case, the heroine—and the usual reunion when both of them jump into the leading parts of the hero's operetta in order to avert an eleventh-hour disaster. The adaptation embroiders very freely on the original pattern and not to the advantage of the "book." Nor does the direction of William K. Howard disguise the weakness of a plot that has become entirely conventional, though Mr. Howard frolics gaily in the wake of René Clair and winds up with a burst of colour photography. But his settings are easy to look at, and an occasional happy invention enlivens the proceedings. Moreover, the two stars are given every chance to shine against the shimmer of polished camera-work. Charles Butterworth, wandering through the picture as an amateur harpist for no particular reason, steals the comedy honours, and Ralph Morgan suavely threatens love's young dream.

Anna Sten, the blonde young actress from Soviet Russia, whose first Hollywood picture, "THE LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS," has come to the Tivoli, is the star for whom we have been patiently waiting ever since "The Brothers Karamazov," an adaptation of the famous novel produced in Berlin, brought her into the limelight. Samuel Goldwyn was responsible for her migration to America, and that is some eighteen months ago, a lengthy period during which Miss Sten has not made a single picture. The interval, we are assured, formed part of Mr. Goldwyn's careful plan for the launching of his new star, and during all these months Miss Sten has been fully occupied mastering the English language, assimilating the Hollywood veneer, the elegance, glamour, and sophistication of the international film favourite. Camera-men, make-up men, lighting experts have been kept busy, the while an intensive search went on in "the story markets of the world" to find the vehicle best suited to Anna Sten's unusual personality. Finally, a modernised version of Emile Zola's "Nana" was decided on, and the work of preparation narrowed down to the exigencies of this particular picture. As I remember Anna Sten in "The Brothers Karamazov," she was far from being in an embryo stage, and it speaks volumes for the thoroughness of the American studios if this intensive "nursing" was deemed necessary. Why, to inure her to an English-speaking life, manners, and colloquialisms, she even secured an English cook in lieu of a Russian one. There's thoroughness for you! Of the picture itself and the new Anna Sten I shall have more to say next week.

Paul Muni, who has a good deal to say in the selection of his vehicles, is reported as being thoroughly satisfied with his material in "THE WORLD CHANGES" (Regal), directed by Mervyn Le Roy. Undoubtedly a part that travels from enterprising youth to disillusioned old age gives him the opportunity of developing a strong and interesting characterisation against the changing background of the years. But the episodic story of the rise of Orin Nordholm, son of pioneer farmers, to the position of a Chicago meat-king, and his ultimate defeat by a snobbish wife and worthless sons, follows a pattern that has become familiar and lacks the dramatic urgency of more concentrated action. Forthright in direction and planned on a large scale, the interest of the picture centres almost wholly in the personality of Paul Muni, whose suggestion of restrained emotion and power dominates the crowded canvas.

Following in the steps of the "Bulldog" Drummond stories comes "THE SCOTLAND YARD MYSTERY" (Rialto), a hearty melodrama starring Sir Gerald du Maurier in the rôle of a Scotland Yard Inspector of the "never say die" type, whose lovely daughter seems to exist solely to be kidnapped by the villain, a sinister Home Office pathologist who leads a Jekyll and Hyde existence with an exotic mistress in the background. Corpses abound, and a midnight exhumation strikes a gruesome note; but the treatment of the far-fetched story has been so slickly contrived that all but the most *blasé* amateur detectives should lose their critical faculties in a burst of schoolboyish enthusiasm as rugged worth, in the person of Sir Gerald, eventually triumphs over suavity and guile.

For fifteen years George White's annual edition of "Scandals" has been something of an event on Broadway, but until now Mr. White has strenuously refused to make a film of his show. At last, however, he has relented and brought "SCANDALS" (Capitol) to the screen, with the support of crooning Rudy Vallee, Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike), and wise-cracking Jimmy Durante. But Mr. White has waited rather too long, for we have become so accustomed to the glittering tableaux of backstage pictures that this much-boomed production has nothing new to offer us beyond a few moments of individual comic effort. It really is rather a pity!

"DOUBLE DOOR." Caroline van Brett (CHRISTINE SILVER; right) suddenly realises why the 'nineties are called "naughty," as her maniac sister, Victoria (SYBIL THORNDIKE), approaches in order to make an end of her.

"DOUBLE DOOR," at the Globe. Robert van Brett (OWEN NARES) succeeds in persuading his tyrant sister, Victoria (SYBIL THORNDIKE), to disclose the combination necessary to open the vault in which she has locked up Robert's wife and the jewellery.

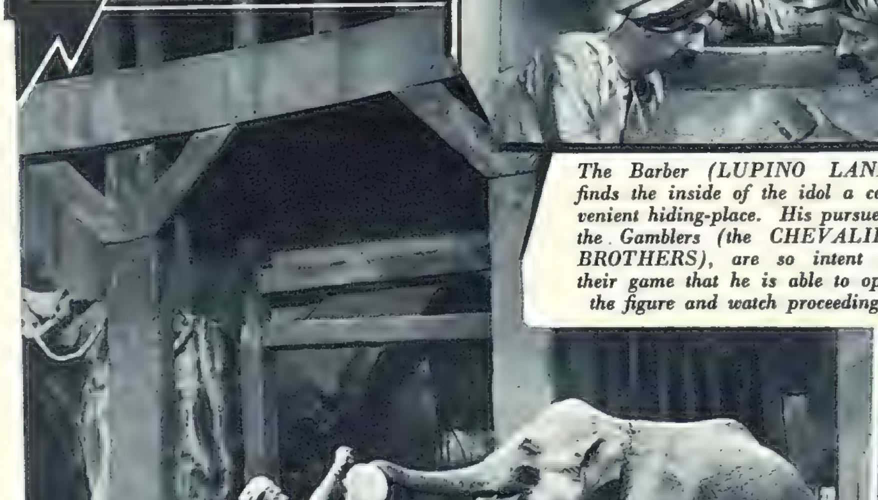
Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page VIII.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" REVOLVES.

Drama is introduced in the thrilling scene in which Vasantasena (PEGGY ASHCROFT) is pursued by Prince Samsthanaka (WILFRED LAWSON). The setting is magnificent.

MISS WENDY TOYE is the principal dancer in "THE GOLDEN TOY"—plus revolving stages—at the Coliseum. Note the Siva arms.

The Barber (LUPINO LANE) finds the inside of the idol a convenient hiding-place. His pursuers, the Gamblers (the CHEVALIER BROTHERS), are so intent on their game that he is able to open the figure and watch proceedings.



The Barber (LUPINO LANE) and the elephant have an amusing encounter in the King's stables.

MISS NELLIE WALLACE is richly humorous as Nana. She is trying to distract her charge, Kara (MILES BYRNE), with the Golden Toy. The part of Kara is played by Jack Clayton at matinées.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD"—WITH AN ARLISS DOUBLE.

1

2

3

1. *"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" picture deals with the rise of the great banking house of Rothschild in the early nineteenth century. Here MR. GEORGE ARLISS, who plays both Maier and Nathan Rothschild, is seen, as Nathan, alighting from his coach in the ancient city of Frankfort.*
2. *Nathan Rothschild was created a baron of the Austrian Empire in 1822. He is played by MR. GEORGE ARLISS.*
3. *Lieut.-Colonel Fitzroy (ROBERT YOUNG) falls in love with the Jewess, Julie Rothschild (LORETTA YOUNG).*
4. *The great part which the Rothschilds played in bringing about the downfall of Napoleon is used with dramatic effect in the film story. Nathan Rothschild (GEORGE ARLISS) is here talking finance with aristocrats who despise him—but wish to use him. The film has been presented successfully in New York. It is a 20th-century picture; due in London in May.*

MARGERY PINCHWIFE.

LADY FIDGET.

MRS. DAINTY FIDGET.

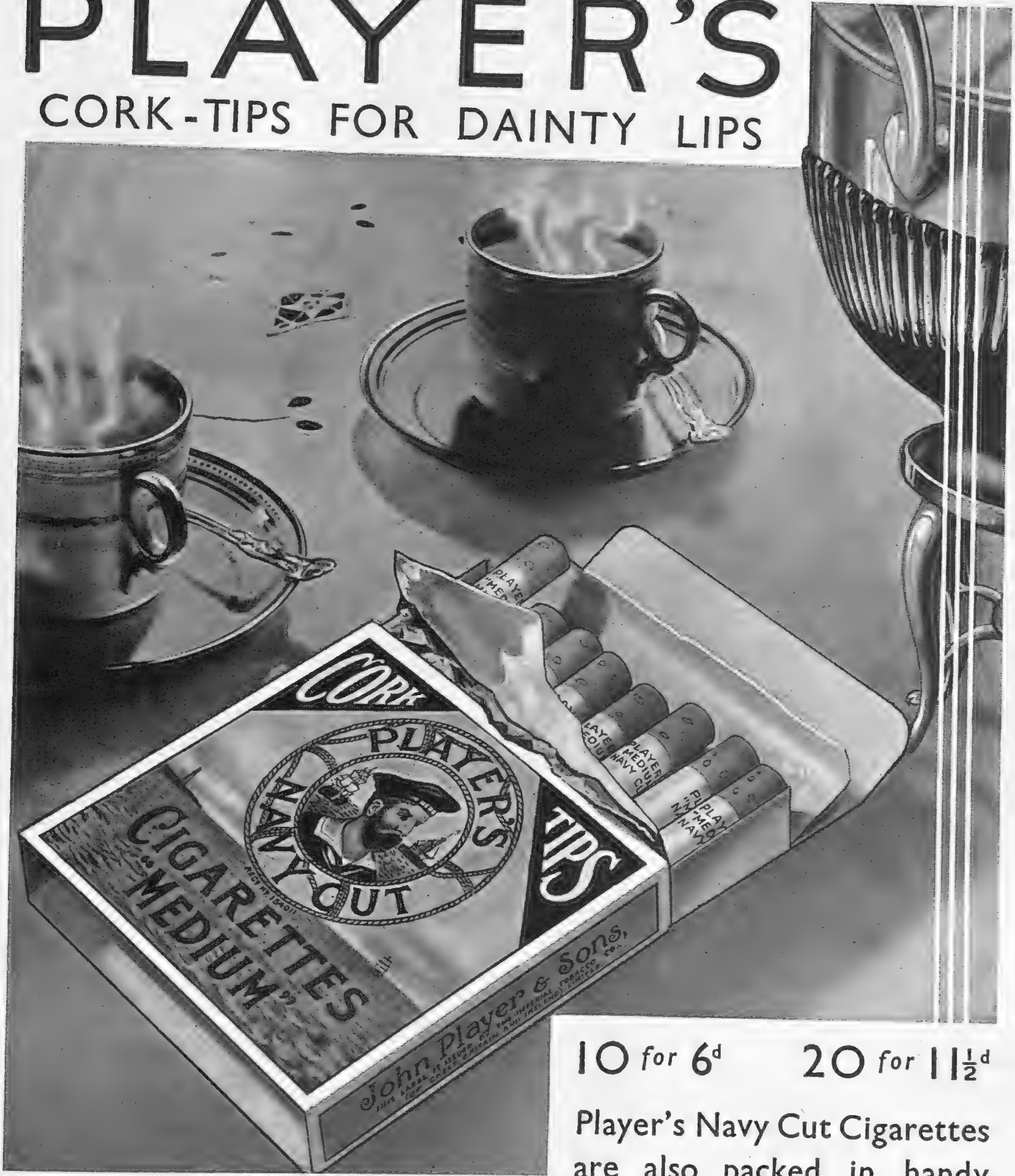
ALITHEA PINCHWIFE.

LELY PICTURES ON THE LONDON STAGE.

The characters in Sydney W. Carroll's revival of Wycherley's famous Restoration comedy, "THE COUNTRY WIFE," at the Ambassadors, achieve a genuine likeness to the Lely portraits which picture their period so decoratively. Miss Lesley Wareing plays Margery Pinchwife, who appears at one time as a boy; Miss Agnes Lauchlan is Lady Fidget; Miss Pamela Stanley is Mrs. Dainty Fidget; and Miss Margaretta Scott, Alithea, the only virtuous lady in the play.

PLAYER'S

CORK-TIPS FOR DAINTY LIPS



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CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"UP to Derby Day," The Broker was saying. "From the beginning of October in one year, to the Derby Day following, the Stock Exchange expects to make enough jam to sweeten the bread-and-butter business that it gets during the quiet part of the year."

"You regard this as a busy time, then?"

"Well, not just round about Easter, of course. You can't expect people to pay much attention to Stock Exchange markets until things settle down after the holidays."

"You always discount events in advance of their happening."

"So you say."

"So you do. That's why many shares are standing too high to-day."

"Depends upon what you mean by too high."

The City Editor assumed that the words had reference to the yields obtainable from shares in the majority of good-class Industrial companies.

The Broker agreed. "I was offered," he said, by way of illustration, "a line of several thousand Imperial Tobacco preferences at a price that gave less than four per cent. on the money. Too low a yield, don't you think?"

"Gilt-edged investment, though," The Jobber observed. "As a pipe-smoker——"

"I thought of offering you a pair of pipes as an Easter egg," said The Engineer. "One of your tips, you know. . . . It came off. . . . I made a pound or two. . . . Any fancy?"

BIG MEN of the FINANCIAL TRUSTS occupy Fred May's mind this week. Lord Forster of Lepe is a Director of the Australian Mercantile Land and Finance Company.

"Awfully nice of you," replied The Jobber, without emotion. "Put it against some of my other tips that haven't had a happy ending. Call it all square, shall we? Very many thanks, all the same."

"No; but I would like——"

"If I give you another tip and it fails, you won't want those pipes back again?" asked The Jobber anxiously. "You won't? That's good, anyway."

"What were you thinking of?"

"Same old friends of mine: Grootvlei and East Daggafontein."

"Why put him into Kaffirs at a time when all the excitement is in West Africans?"

"Possibly for that very reason," suggested The Engineer.

The Jobber politely acknowledged his friend's sagacity.

"We shall see the public coming back to South Africans one of these days," he prophesied.

"A friend of mine has been picking up Offin River in the West African market," The Merchant observed. "Do you know anything about them?"

"Not a great deal. But I believe the shares are good to have. So are Morkwas."

"The tip last week was to buy Kwahues for three pounds a share. But I simply haven't the pluck to follow these things that go bouncing up by shillings a day. Their scope for reaction puts the wind up me."

"No play, no gain, as they say at Monte. If you take no risks, you take no profits."

"Several of my things," The Merchant mentioned, "show no profit, although I have taken considerable risk."

"They will come round in time," The Broker consoled him. "You can see for yourself how one market after another has been hoisted into the limelight. Don't worry. Your turn will arrive in time."

"What's the particular stock?" asked The Jobber.

"There are various things. Burma Corporations——"

"One of the Consols of the mining markets."

"Venezuelan Goldfields."

"The subject of periodical spurts. Quite good enough to keep. The property's doing well."

"Any chance of a dividend?"

"There will be when the development programme is completed. Profits are being put back into the mine at present. That's what I hear."

Mr. George Cursons, M.B.E., J.P.; a director of the British Dominions Land Settlement Corporation.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, P.C., J.P.; a director of the General Co-operative Investment Trust.

"Lake Views are sluggish."

"But very sound. Pretty nearly sure to go ahead on balance. Not but what I wouldn't just as soon hold Wilunas."

"A different kind of proposition, to my mind," The City Editor said.

"Oh, yes. Wiluna owns a good deal of property which, so far, is practically unscratched. It may prove that there's another gold-mine on Wiluna which hasn't been located yet. Or even two gold-mines. Who can say?"

"You can't tell what there is under the ground, and that's a fact," The Merchant asserted. "I've been taking quick profits on some of your gambles, and it's been wrong every time."

Mr. H. E. Hyett; a director of the Charterhouse Investment Trust.

"We must revise some of our ancient theories," proposed The Broker. "Go for the long shot, and hang on like hell if you think you're on hot stuff."

"The Icelander's hell is cold, I believe."

"He probably isn't in Kaffirs or West Africans. Union Cold Storage would appeal more to his sense of the appropriate."

"How about those preference?"

The Broker shook his head. "Good enough, I dare say," he considered, "but I'd prefer something else."

"Sound preference shares are none so easy to get. At least, that's my experience."

"Wimpey Sixes at twenty-four shillings are well covered," replied The Broker. "Builders and contractions: a good business. And there's a thing called Telephone and General Trust, whose seven per cent. preferences stand about twenty-eight bob. Quite useful."

"The yields?"

"Five per cent. from both of them, of course. The public have got to get five per cent.——"

"Conversion Threes stand about par," The City Editor interrupted. "I bought the stock for myself, and I think it is ideal."

"For the ideal rich, it undoubtedly is. You're just out for conserving your capital; and, while you are making a fabulous income, there's no necessity for you to worry about what your investments bring you in."

"'Fabulous income'? Do you want to know what my earnings are?"

"Of course we don't. Tell that to the marines' income-tax collectors."

"I sometimes wonder," said The Broker, "whether all the holders of War Loan who are resident abroad realise that they are not liable for the income tax on their stock."

"You bet they do," The City Editor answered readily. "What makes you think they might not?"

"Every now and then instances of ignorance crop up that you and I would never dream of. Perhaps the War Loan is a bad illustration, because income tax is not deducted at source."

"It is deducted from the dividends on Colonial stocks, though, and the interest on them is not chargeable with income tax to holders resident abroad. I shouldn't be surprised if a lot of non-residents pay the tax who are not liable for it."

"Let's make up an aeroplane party to visit places where we might get a commission upon the income tax recovered, through our efforts, by non-residents."

"Imprac.", said The Broker. "It's a thundering good idea."

"No," maintained The Broker. "To do that would be inviting Somerset House to follow us in another 'plane and to shoot us down on some dark and stormy night. I would rather stay on land and try to make a profit out of aeroplane shares. You are seven shillings up on your Rolls-Royce," he nodded to The Engineer.

"Sounds like another Easter Egg for the House," remarked The Jobber. "Go ahead: I won't be jealous. When can I have a ride in the new bus?"

"You shall certainly have one," The Engineer promised, "when the shares have gone up another few pounds each."

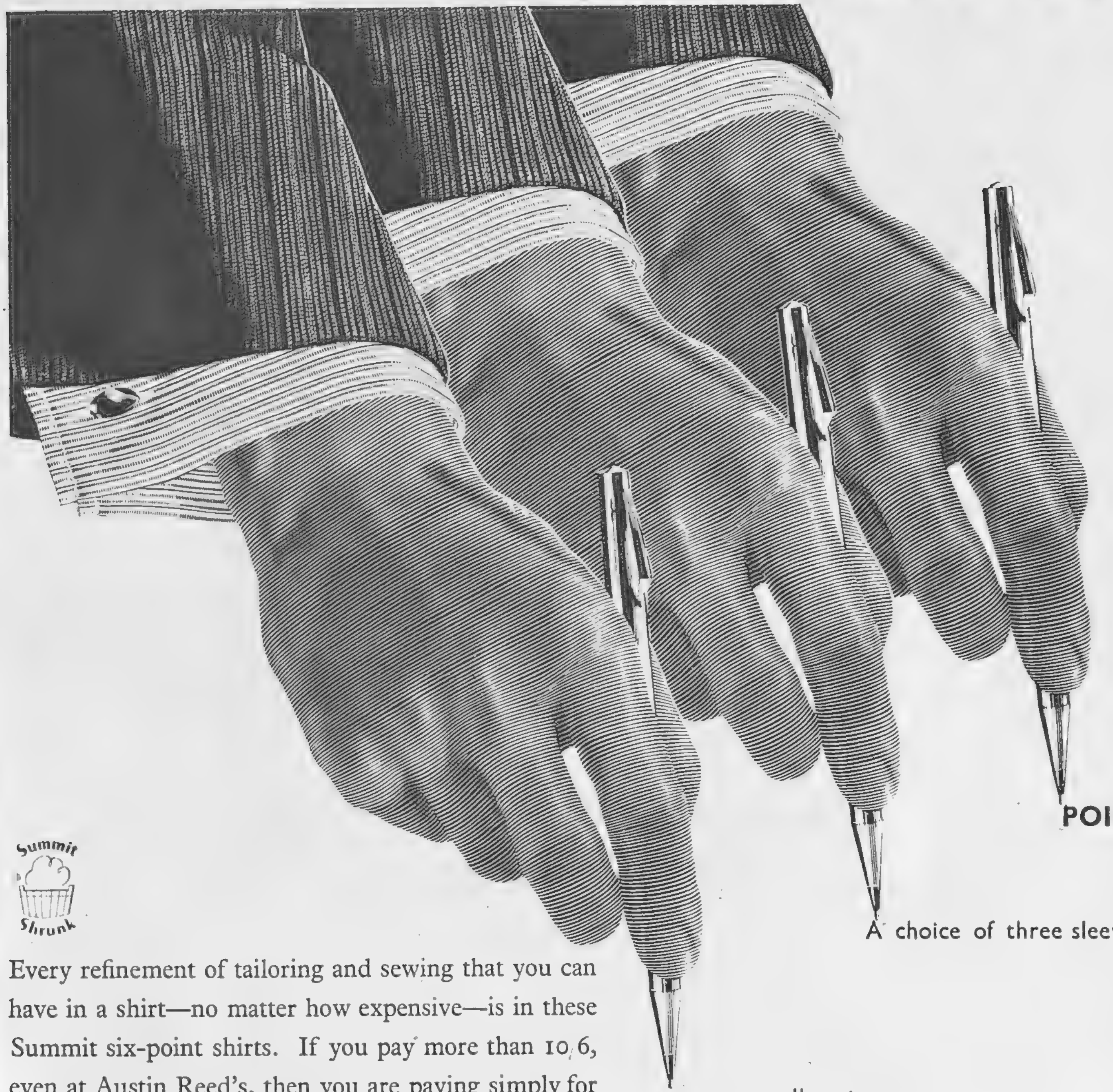
"I can wait. Let's see what you would like to give me to go on with."

And the whole Compartment was deep in the pages of *The Sketch* when the guard came along to ask if he should ordered any lunches.

Thursday, March 29, 1934.

Sir Stephen H. M. Killik, J.P.; a director of the Alto Paránа Development Company.

THE SIX-POINT SUMMIT SHIRT 10/6



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Every refinement of tailoring and sewing that you can have in a shirt—no matter how expensive—is in these Summit six-point shirts. If you pay more than 10/6, even at Austin Reed's, then you are paying simply for a special pattern or a superlatively luxurious material. We are ready to prove this to you on the counter of any Austin Reed shop.

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The 10-H.P. B.S.A. SALOON DE LUXE, with DAIMLER FLUID FLY-WHEEL transmission, is priced at £255.

MOTOR DICTA

By H. E. SYMONS.

LOW-PRICED LUXURY. ROAD IMPRESSIONS OF THE B.S.A. "TEN."

A GOOD many people still think that a car with Daimler fluid-flywheel transmission must of necessity be a high-priced vehicle in the limousine class. It was fitting that the first examples of the Daimler fluid-flywheel should be built into the chassis of large, sumptuous automobiles, for this is the transmission *par excellence* where silence and smoothness matter more than anything else. Had it not been for the economic crisis—perhaps I should say *the late* economic crisis—the fluid-flywheel might still have remained a luxury which only the wealthy could afford. But we have passed through hard times, prices have been forced down to rock-bottom, and one of the results has been that the essentially luxurious Daimler transmission has become available in a family saloon costing no more than £230.

This is the 10-h.p. B.S.A., as nice a small car as any man or woman could wish for. It has all the lightness and simplicity of control that the Daimler transmission affords. It possesses attributes of comfort, silence, and smoothness rare in so low-priced a vehicle; while, thanks to the excellent design of the braking system, the lay-out of the steering, and correct proportioning of length of wheel-base to width of track, it has an unusually high factor of safety.

When the B.S.A. was brought to my door, spotlessly clean and with petrol-tank filled to the brim, there was something about its clean lines and light yet robust appearance that took my fancy immediately. I took the wheel eagerly, pre-selected first gear, and engaged it before switching on the engine, so that I could satisfy myself how smoothly the fluid-flywheel did its work. The engine started instantly. As I pressed lightly upon the accelerator, without touching the pedal, the car moved gently forward without a tremor, without the faintest suspicion of roughness. Thus encouraged, I tried something even more drastic. With first gear engaged and the engine ticking over, I let the car run *backwards* down the steep hill outside my house. Without touching the brakes, I checked the car by accelerating the engine. Smoothly it came to rest; smoothly it began to move forward up the 1-in-6 gradient: a perfect demonstration of the fluid-flywheel at its best.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the Daimler transmission, I should explain that it is a combination of the fluid-flywheel and pre-selector self-changing gear-box. Either of these devices can be used without the other, though I do not know of a fluid-flywheel between an engine and an ordinary "crash" gear-box. The fluid-flywheel is an automatic hydraulic clutch, in which oil is the only contact between driving and driven members. With the engine ticking over, the oil is passive; but as the speed is increased the oil resists the churning action of the driving member, and begins to turn with it and to drag round the driven part of the clutch. At normal road speeds, the "slip" in the transmission is practically nil, although (if time is no object) one can stay permanently in top gear in traffic and just let the car gather speed as the amount of slip diminishes.

The pre-selector gear is now fitted to a good many cars, often without the fluid-flywheel. Each gear, except the "top," is engaged by a contracting band brake, and can be "pre-selected," or picked out ready for use, by moving a small lever on the steering column. All you have to do to engage the gear is to depress the "clutch" pedal and let it up again. Top gear is engaged by a small cone-clutch, and can be pre-selected in the same way as the others. Of course, you can drive along in "top" and pre-select any gear, including reverse. But something pretty drastic might occur if you let in bottom gear or reverse with a bang at 50 m.p.h.! So in the ordinary way one stays in top, with third gear pre-selected. On reaching a hill, or when wishing to accelerate past a slower-moving car, one just kicks down the pedal and, presto! "third" is in use!

This terrifying hill is the Old Horseshoe Pass, on the Llangollen-Ruthin Road. It runs from the north bank of the Dee to Llandegla and passes by the Valle Crucis Abbey. The climb up the Horseshoe Pass is only half a mile long—but what a half-mile! The VAUXHALL "LIGHT SIX" DE LUXE SALOON makes light of the gradient, though; it likes hills.

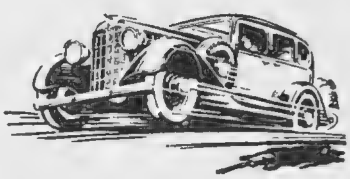
On the B.S.A "Ten" no finesse is required in engaging or changing gear or starting away from rest: the fluid-flywheel does everything for you, guaranteeing a smooth get-away, and saving you the trouble and physical effort of operating the clutch-pedal. If you are in traffic, in second gear perhaps, you just put on the brake if you want to stop. You don't touch the clutch-pedal. The engine doesn't stall, but just goes on ticking over. As soon as you accelerate, off you go again, as easy as winking. All this, of course, is a characteristic common to every car with the Daimler transmission in good order. Let's get back to the B.S.A.

Owing to the way the 9·8-h.p. engine is flexibly mounted in the chassis, any vibration that there may be is strangled at birth. It's a four-cylinder job, but you'd think it a "six." It is dead quiet, too—the sort of unit that makes you ask: "Why *have* six cylinders?" My garage was full, so, rather naughtily, I left the B.S.A. out in the garden all night. Next morning the ground was white with hoar-frost. Yet the engine started at the first touch of the button, and kept on running, thanks to that clever Solex "starter" carburetter.

On the road, the car gets along at a merry bat. The makers claim a maximum speed of 58 m.p.h., which is about right. With the wind astern, the speedometer showed 60 m.p.h. without much "working up to it." On third gear the car does over 40 m.p.h. The springing is very good indeed, particularly when the small size of the car is taken into account, and the body is dead silent, cosy, and free from draughts. The brakes act progressively and evenly, so that it is almost impossible to induce a skid through sudden braking on a wet road. The steering and road-holding are very good. Indeed, except for the hardness of the seats (and I may be rather tender in this direction!), I can find nothing to criticise in this admirable little car.

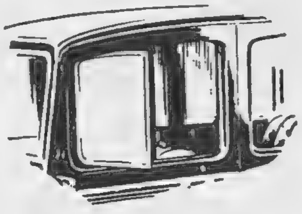
ROOMINESS

A luxurious four-seater saloon with space for a fifth if needs be. Deep form-fitting seats with real leather upholstery. Leg room to suit a "six-footer," with lots of head and elbow room. Adjustable front seats. Sensibly wide doors.



PERFORMANCE

Exhilarating acceleration that is remarkably smooth and quiet. From walking pace to 50 m.p.h. in just over 20 seconds. Fine turn of speed, the 14 h.p. model 65-70 m.p.h., the 12 h.p. model 60-65 m.p.h. 25 to 30 miles per gallon.



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Vauxhall's new boon to motoring comfort gives fresh air without draughts. As much or as little fresh air as each individual wants without draughts to other passengers. No more stuffiness and tobacco fumes.

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You can make a faultless gear change every time with Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh. No double-declutching—no feeling for gears—nothing new to learn, just some of the old, tedious things to forget. 4-speed gearbox. Silent third gear.

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The youthful sporting motorist, the careful family man, the modern miss, the exacting professional man and the hard-bitten motorist of long experience—they're all talking about the Vauxhall Light Six. This question needs an answer—how is it that *one* car should interest so *many* people ?

Because, though it may be remarkable, the Vauxhall Light Six has features to suit their many demands. That distinctive Vauxhall appearance for those who must be among leaders of fashion. Vauxhall Super Synchro-Mesh easy gear change for those who want fool-proof, care-free driving. The unique No-Draught ventilating system and spacious seating for all who want real comfort. Brisk hill climbing and acceleration to keep go-ahead drivers ahead on the road. And yet, with its surprisingly low running expenses, the Light Six is the ideal car for the family man who watches every penny !

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Easter Again.

By the time these notes appear, the Easter holidays will once more be in full swing; they may even be over, and with them two important events will have passed to their respective niches in golfing history, and hundreds of club competitions into their own particular archives. The Halford-Hewitt Cup will surely be in the hands of the engravers for another name to be added to the scroll of fame, and we shall know the result of the University match at Formby, about which there has been so much conjecture and for which both sides have prepared so assiduously. May all taking part in these two "grand competes," and the thousands of golfers engaged on links and courses all over the country, find the weather is, or has been, to their liking, and return to their vocations refreshed in mind and body. Easter can be lovely—so may it be; on the other side of the picture I refuse to look.

The Oxford and Cambridge University Match was played at Formby last week. Our caricaturist has depicted the Dark Blue captain, MR. K. A. S. MORRICE (Eton and Magdalen), and the Secretary (seated), MR. J. J. F. PENNINK (Tonbridge and Magdalen). They partnered each other in the foursomes.

CARICATURED BY MAC.

A First Glance at the Professionals.

All these activities are amateur in character, but the "Professors" will be opening their season within a few hours, for Thursday will see seventy-four of them gather at Roehampton for the fifteenth annual Invitation Tournament, organised by the famous club over which the newly-elected L.C.C. threaten to suspend Town Planning like a Sword of Damocles. Should it ever fall, I prophesy the tenants of the estate will enjoy little rest for the ceaseless click of long rasping drives and crisp iron shots that ghostly golfers will be playing each early spring, and for the less harmonious sounds that during the remainder of the year will emanate from less gifted spirits. This year, at any rate, is secure, and with so representative an entry an intensely interesting competition is assured, with some ideal partnerships in the two qualifying rounds on April 5 for enthusiasts within reach of London to follow.

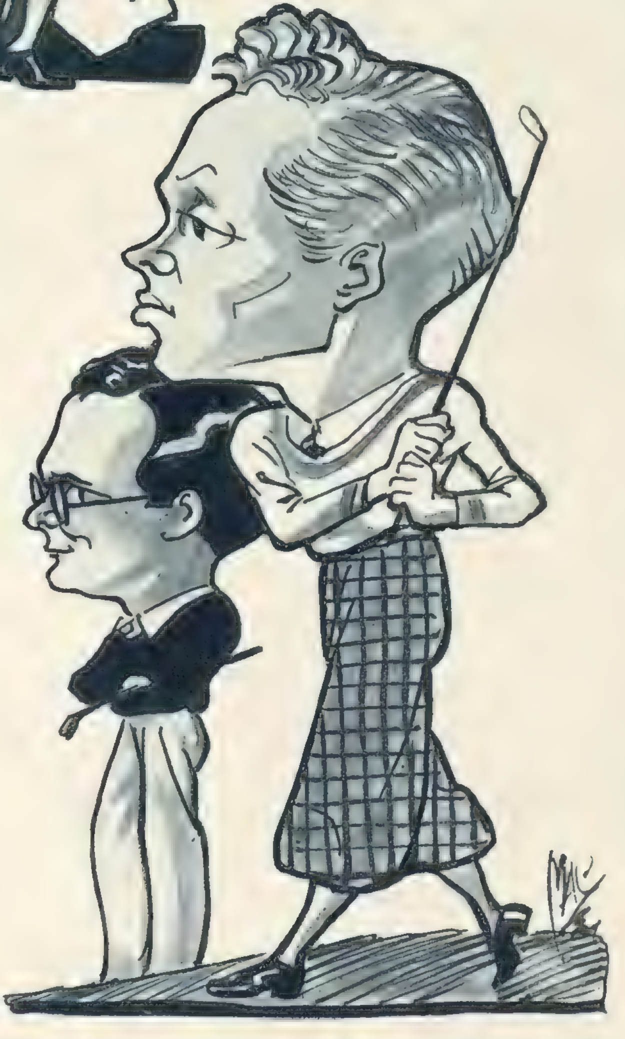
Plenty of Choice. For the early birds on April 5 there are Bert Hodson and Archie Compston, who will start just after 9.30. Four couples later they will be followed by E. R. Whitcombe and Mark Seymour, and at 10 o'clock W. H. Davies and W. Nolan will take the stage. Soon after, and with only two couples separating them, will come, first Percy Alliss and A. G. Lacey, and then A. H. Padgham and Henry Cotton, the last fresh from the now peaceful field of Waterloo. A short interval will bring Abe Mitchell and Alf Perry, with Arthur Havers and C. A. Whitcombe close behind, and at eleven precisely, George Gadd, *genius loci*, and Alan Dailey, the present holder of the cup, will provide the last of the "star" couples, though many more will be worth watching, three of them including J. H. Taylor, George Duncan, and the evergreen Sandy Herd. We may be quite certain that Lieut.-Col. C. D. Miller, the originator of the Tournment, and his adjutant, Colin Aylmer, will have left nothing undone to make a meeting I and many more are looking forward to with great interest an unqualified success.

Another Question on the Rules. A fortnight ago I cited the first of two interesting conundrums put to the Rules Committee of the United States Golf Association, the answer to which differs from what, so far as I know, is still the ruling of the Royal and Ancient Committee. I had no space to give the second "poser" last week, so here it is this—

"A player, playing through the green, addressed the ball, and swung the club back. On the back swing the club-head parted from the shaft, but the player continued his swing, swinging through with the shaft alone." The Rules Committee of the U.S.G.A., on being asked to rule whether the player had made a stroke, replied as follows: "The player did not take a stroke. Definition 13 of the Rules of Golf defines a stroke as 'the forward movement of the club made with the intention of striking the ball, or any contact between the head of the club and the ball, resulting in movement of the ball, except in the case of a ball accidentally knocked off a tee.' It is the decision of the Rules of Golf Committee that, as the head of the club parted from the shaft on the back swing, the player could not have made 'the forward movement of the club with the intention of striking the ball.' He did not make that movement with a golf-club which, under the rules of this Association, consists of 'a plain shaft and head.'"

Would Our Rules Committee Agree? The U.S.G.A. Rules Committee continued: "The nearest previous decision to the facts of the instant case is by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, and reads as follows: 'At a certain tee, while a competitor was making his down swing with the intention of striking the ball, the head parted from the shaft and struck the ground behind the ball. Was this a stroke?' 'Answer—Yes, the intention to strike the ball is admitted.' The two cases are to be distinguished by the fact that, in the decision by the Royal and Ancient, the player did make a forward movement of the club with the admitted intention of striking the ball. In the instant case, he made no forward movement with a golf-club, as defined by the rules."

From this we may assume the U.S.G.A. Committee accept the Royal and Ancient ruling. Therefore (calling the American petitioner A and the British B), had A and B been playing together when the two incidents occurred, A would have gone scathless and B would have been penalised, all resting upon the question of when club-head and shaft parted company. A nice point. Logic, perhaps. But what of equity? I wonder what the ruling of the Royal and Ancient would have been?



MR. G. R. A. JAMIESON (Winchester and Magdalene), the Cambridge Captain, is shown in action by our caricaturist. MR. H. C. NEILSON (Marlborough and Clare) is seen watching. Mr. Jamieson arranged to partner Mr. Law in the match against Oxford at Formby last week.

CARICATURED BY MAC.

The Sketch Diary of Fashion

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY - SMITH

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

A Pesco jumper in brown, green, orange, and white, with orange at the neck and wrists. Made by Peter Scott and Co., of Hawick, Scotland, it is made in other colours, and would be perfect for golf.

A practical green and white suit is shown immediately above. The skirt has two box pleats at the back and front, and the coat has a breast pocket and twisted green buttons. This also is a Pesco model, and, like the others, it is noticeable for its excellence of cut and the way in which it fits.

The chief charm of the brown and white striped jumper on the right lies in its lace stitch. This, too, is made in other combinations of colour. Pesco Scottish Sportswear may be found almost everywhere in the leading stores.

YVONNE GREGORY

—LINGERIE—
DEMURE AND DEBONAIR

There is a demure charm about the nightdress photographed at the head of this page. Made in turquoise-blue satin, it is embroidered across the front, and the very fine Alençon lace is delicately gauged and trimmed with narrow satin ribbons. It costs six-and-a-half guineas and can be made in any colour by Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

Here on the left is a novelty for the sportswoman. So new that it has not yet been named, it is a one-piece garment comprising an admirably tailored sports blouse of washing satin shaped to the waist and ending in knickers, so that only a skirt is needed to make a complete outfit. This, too, comes from Debenham and Freebody, and costs 59s. 6d. in all shades and black.

A NÉGLIGÉ
FOR A BRIDE

Cascades of ecru lace emphasise the grace of this beautiful négligé in peach-coloured georgette, which wraps closely round the figure and is worn over a pastel-coloured washing satin nightdress with an appliquéd lace yoke. Cut on the bias, this nightdress costs 29s. 6d., and comes from Peter Robinson, of Oxford Circus, W., where the wrap may also be seen.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

I SUPPOSE that Miss Naomi Royde-Smith might be nonplussed if required to write a regulation "triangle drama" on realistic lines, but in the region of Romance her spirit moves unfettered. Every time she visits it she discovers new persons and new scenes. Her last story, "The Queen's Wigs," is completely unlike its predecessors; once again she has broken fresh ground.

Perhaps the metaphor is misleading. Irolya, that small, mountainous kingdom with its strange constitution—or lack of constitution—reminds one inevitably of Ruritania. It is a country of continual plots and counter-plots; every Irolyan of importance, we are told, wore the air of a conspirator at least once a day. Irolya, like Ruritania, is a paradise for a romantic writer. He can introduce from the outside world everything he likes; and anything he does not like, anything that hampers his imagination, he can keep out. Miss Royde-Smith ransacks Europe for whatever inventions conduce to luxurious living; the Astoria-Magnifique is clearly the most sumptuous hotel ever conceived. Rozel (her full name was Angelina Rose Elizabeth Haverford-Merton) entered its portals as the guest of her godmother, Lady Bottomley (*vulgo*, Old Winona), a lady whose incredible riches recall the spacious days before the war. Lady Bottomley had not gone to Irolya merely on pleasure bent. She had a definite object: she wanted to buy the Queen of Irolya's collection of wigs.

A Discreditable Relic. This was, of course, the most famous collection in existence. Not only did it contain the wigs of Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots; it included among its treasures trophies from the dawn of history. Among them was—or should have been—the Corymbium Valeria, the wig of Messalina. But the Valeria, when Rozel, still hardly more than a schoolgirl, arrived in Irolya, had disappeared. Rumour said it had been stolen. To Lady Bottomley this did not matter; she naturally disapproved of Messalina, and definitely refused to buy a collection that contained so equivocal a relic as her wig. But a rich American, also interested in wigs, would not buy the collection if Messalina's was missing. The trouble was that the catalogue, too, had disappeared. The prospective buyers were very much put out, and the Crown Prince, who wanted the purchase money to spend on aeroplanes, was put out too. Rozel, to whom he had once made love, was drawn into the vortex of intrigue. She found herself installed in the royal castle. She was presented to that figure of legendary loveliness, the Queen; she was made Lady-in-Waiting and Curator of the Wigs; and gradually the mystery unfolded itself until it reached, in the final chapter, a sensational *dénouement*.

The mystery, however, is not the most important thing in Miss Royde. Smith's story. She herself only takes it seriously from time to time. It is really too mysterious: the reader, uncertain what the four chief personages—the Queen, her consort, the Crown Prince, and the Duchess—are plotting, gives up trying to find out. Happily, the book provides him with another occupation. Like Mr. Salteena's bed-room, it is "full of dodges of a rich nature"; in fact, I do not remember any novel in which appear so many *objets de vertu*, described in such detail and with such wealth of imagination. Consider this room in the Hotel Astoria-Magnifique, for instance—

A Room. The room into which she now looked was the most beautiful she had ever seen: smaller than the hall, it too was hexagonal in shape. . . . Curtains of a deep, clear blue hung in fluted folds like columns. . . . To the left, a window consisting of one enormous sheet of glass seemed to look on a garden or terrace with trees beyond it, where pale flowers growing in urns were lit by the moon. . . . The wall next the window was occupied by fitted shelves, some filled with books, others either empty or bearing, one a tall white vase, another a carved white piece of Chinese jade. . . . The inkstand and writing-desk all seemed to be of clear glass, and on the glass-cornered blotter a long paper-knife with a crystal blade and a handle of white onyx gleamed in the light thrown down from the table-lamp. . . .

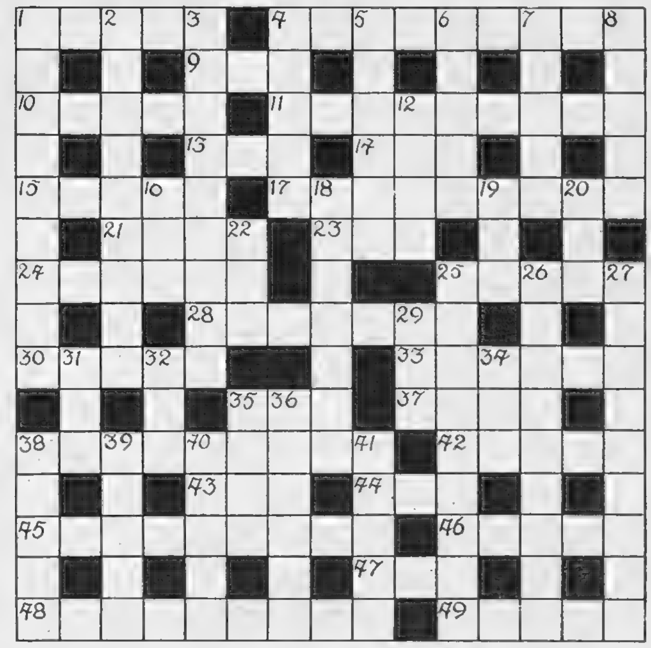
The description reads like the beatific vision of a hashish-eating interior decorator, and the accounts of old books and other curios flung up by the past and husbanded by Queen Ariana have the same quality of ecstasy. "The Queen's Wigs" is drenched in the beauty of inanimate objects; it is a pæan in praise of the excellence of man's handiwork, with the patina of the past lending it added glory. The story itself is of no great moment; the characterisation, though amusing (Rozel is a very amiable girl) is adequate, but no more. What gives the book its distinction is its wonderful fullness—ripeness, one might say—of imagination. Miss Royde-Smith has always dressed her novels well; this one is clothed from head to foot, as it were, in purple and fine linen. I do not consider it one of her best books: the human interest is too slight, and the plot, in spite of its dramatic moments and its undoubted originality, is little more than a scaffolding on which Miss Royde-Smith hangs her glittering wares. But it is beautiful in the way that old brocade is beautiful; and it awakens in the receptive reader an awareness of beauty he may not have realised he possessed.

"Murder in Trinidad." Mr. Vandercook provides his hero with some very surprising adventures, and those readers who have a taste for secret colonies amid impenetrable swamps, and fights in water-locked caverns, will find ample satisfaction in "Murder in Trinidad." And Mr. Vandercook's detective has one most refreshing quality—he is sometimes mistaken, and his plans more than once go awry.

Owing to the clamorous public enthusiasm for the art of Miss Elisabeth Bergner, the play in which she makes so great a hit has not, perhaps, received the attention it deserves. Reading the text of "Escape Me Never," I was exceedingly impressed by the excellence of the dialogue. There is hardly a word wasted; hardly a word that does not illuminate the character who utters it. There is very little rhetoric; Miss Margaret Kennedy gets her best effects (as in the scene between Gemma and Fenella at the tea-table) by austere understatement. The play has clearly been written for Miss Bergner, but it stands on its own merits.

[Continued on page VIII.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. One has to be smart with such tools.
4. There appears to be something peculiar about this money.
9. Here the table is laid after the meal.
10. This is for the one to whom it rightly belongs.
11. "B met Peers." (Anag.)
13. The first to use the slogan, "Eat More Fruit."
14. Bowlers try hard to beat it.
15. Nothing, let us admit, could be finer than that. (Hidden.)
17. Striking talks upon clothes.
21. We must have a care if we are to achieve success in it.
23. But for it No. 21 would not exist.
24. The world in the gross, so to speak.
25. Why not make it over, and have done with it.
28. "See plot." (Anag.)
30. One takes it to be rather unfair.
33. When first we stand before an ancient city the whole seems to take possession of us forcibly, as it were.
35. This is peculiar to No. 10.
37. Numbers are sent to find a resting-place in this home.
38. We naturally have an attachment for it.
42. Horny growths upon a mollusc.
43. Poetically speaking, the animal is finished.
44. We can see nothing in such rubbish.
45. The Best Sellers are to be found amongst them.
46. She suggests a picture in the Vanburgh style.
47. The rain it raineth every day. (Hidden.)
48. "Nosey curs." (Anag.)
49. In this matter inclinations have to be considered.

DOWN.

1. It might serve as a description of No. 45.
2. This will do as given.
3. Exaggerated, of course.
4. The offspring seems to be comforted.
5. A police vessel perhaps.
6. The word necessarily is given here.
7. Exponents of the noble art might be induced to have a round with this bird.
8. They are funny remedies that bring a curse with them.
12. The job is completed by request.
16. "——— Week."
18. It is striking when one comes to look at it.
19. The building is designed to accommodate a host.
20. Get along now!
22. You may find yourself in a bit of a hole here.
25. When I consider soberly the challenge he's sent I allow that the occasion seems to have justified something of the sort. (Hidden.)
26. "I 'd sent, Sir." (Anag.)
27. "Dates, Sir." (Anag.)
29. Quite the dandy on a vessel.
31. Lincoln has one.
32. There is little of the sheep in us, you will find.
34. We ourselves will start upon the American letters.
35. Poetic effusions upon animals.
36. It will soon be this out of doors.
38. Anything more brilliant I cannot for the life of me conceive. (Hidden.)
39. The poor fish seems to have taken the pledge.
40. Sirs or Madams.
41. There is something very supercilious in these birds.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, April 9, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VI) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

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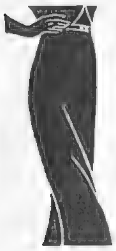

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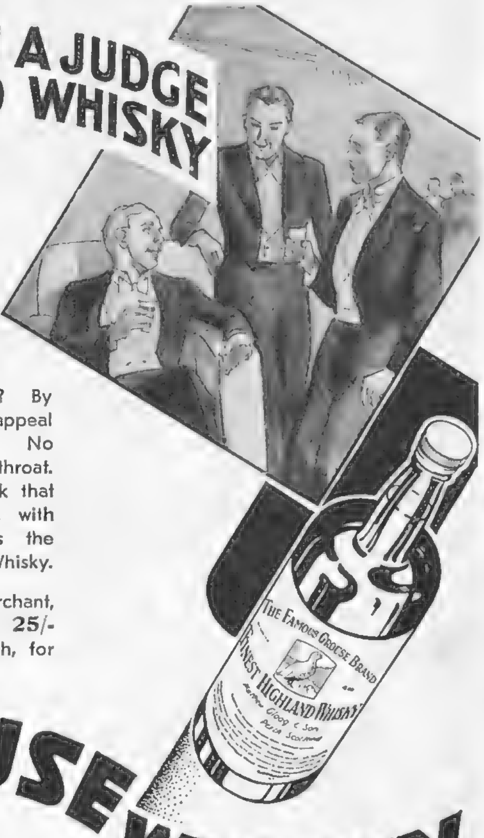

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(See Page 44) 4/4/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DXLVIII.

EXPERT BIDDING!

I SAID in an earlier article that, provided one side is able to make an aggressive bid, the opponents should seldom, if ever, be allowed to play a slam contract in a minor suit. This is but a matter of accountancy, and as such is a self-evident proposition. But now, look—and listen! Here is a hand played in a duplicate tournament. It is only fair to assume that duplicate tournament players know something about the game—let us say that at least they are up to average standard; but this is how they bid the hands—

SPADES—10, 8, 4, 2.
HEARTS—K, 10, 9, 8, 4, 3.
CLUBS—Kn.
DIAMONDS—Q, 5.

B

Y		Z
SPADES—None.		SPADES—Kn, 7, 6.
HEARTS—7, 6, 2.	Y Z	HEARTS—A, Q, Kn.
CLUBS—Q, 9, 5, 4, 2.		CLUBS—A, K, 10, 8, 3.
DIAMONDS—A, K, 6, 3, 2.		DIAMONDS—8, 7.

A

SPADES—A, K, Q, 9, 5, 3.
HEARTS—5.
CLUBS—7, 6.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9, 4.

A was dealer. YZ vulnerable.

It is obvious that YZ have game in clubs—actually they have a sitting grand slam. Well, at two tables they bid five clubs, which was satisfactory enough; at one other table A's five spades was doubled—YZ preferring to pick up a small penalty instead of making game (game was certain on the calling, provided YZ knew anything about contract bidding); at the fourth table YZ played the hand at four diamonds—not even a game bid! And they did not make it!

It is, however, an expert's opinion (and a very big expert, too) on how these hands should have been bid that is interesting. It should go—

A, one spade. Y, two diamonds. B, two hearts. Z, three *hearts*!
A, no bid. Y, three *spades*! B, no bid. Z, four clubs.
A, no bid. Y, seven clubs.

This is perfectly sound. The over-calls in opponents' suits indicate no losing tricks in those suits, and Y's fine support in clubs makes a grand slam look fairly obvious; but this is not the point. The point is that the expert referred to lets the bidding stop at seven clubs! It never should. B must bid seven spades! Think! YZ are vulnerable—they have informed the table that if clubs are trumps AB cannot make any tricks in either spades or hearts. It is obvious that they (YZ) hold all the clubs and diamonds—therefore it must appear pretty certain that the slam bid will mature. In other words, there is an adverse score of 2250 plus game (700 in an ordinary rubber), plus 140 game score, a total of over 3000 points, staring AB in the face. Since A had opened the bidding, he should not be more than four down on a slam bid in spades—say, at the outside, five down; non-vulnerable, doubled—what of it, a matter of 1000 points! A saving of 2000 points, and a big possibility of saving far more!

The big Almack v. Buller match had to be postponed, owing to Colonel Buller being laid up with a severe chill. The match, however, will take place this week on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons and evenings, at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MARCH 28.

ACROSS.—3. Layers. 9. Entail. 10. Adept. 11. Merino. 12. Upraise. 13. By-passes. 15. Abhor. 17. Spate. 18. Sideboards. 20. Omnipotent. 22. Inner. 25. Naiaid. 26. Snowball. 30. Asperse. 31. Cubist. 32. Geese. 33. Undoes. 34. Dotard.

DOWN.—1. Enemy. 2. Striped. 3. Links. 4. Aloes. 5. Equestrian. 6. Sargasso. 7. Geisha. 8. Upshot. 13. Buskin. 14. Evanescent. 16. Rental. 19. Bordered. 21. Evasion. 23. Nausea. 24. Nipper. 27. Occur. 28. Wound. 29. Loser.

MRS. N. SMITH, Moor Garth, Ilkley, Yorks, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of March 21 to be first opened on Monday morning, March 26. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

THE R.A.C. RALLY.

IN connection with "Tales of the Road" in the R.A.C. Bournemouth Motor Rally section of our issue of March 21, Mr. G. K. Gout writes—

"In your issue of March 21 you published an article on the R.A.C. Rally. On p. 553, paragraph 1, column 2, you state the following—

> A grim touch of humour centres round a minor accident in which G. K. Gout was involved. The passenger was hurt and taken away in an ambulance. Meanwhile, the driver worked hard preparing the car, a Ford "Special," and in due course the passenger was brought back by ambulance, lifted tenderly into the car, and went on with the Rally.

Will you kindly correct this,?—as I was in no way involved in any sort of accident whatsoever, nor was my passenger injured."

Needless to say, we much regret this error on the part of the writer of the article, and here express that regret at the earliest possible opportunity.

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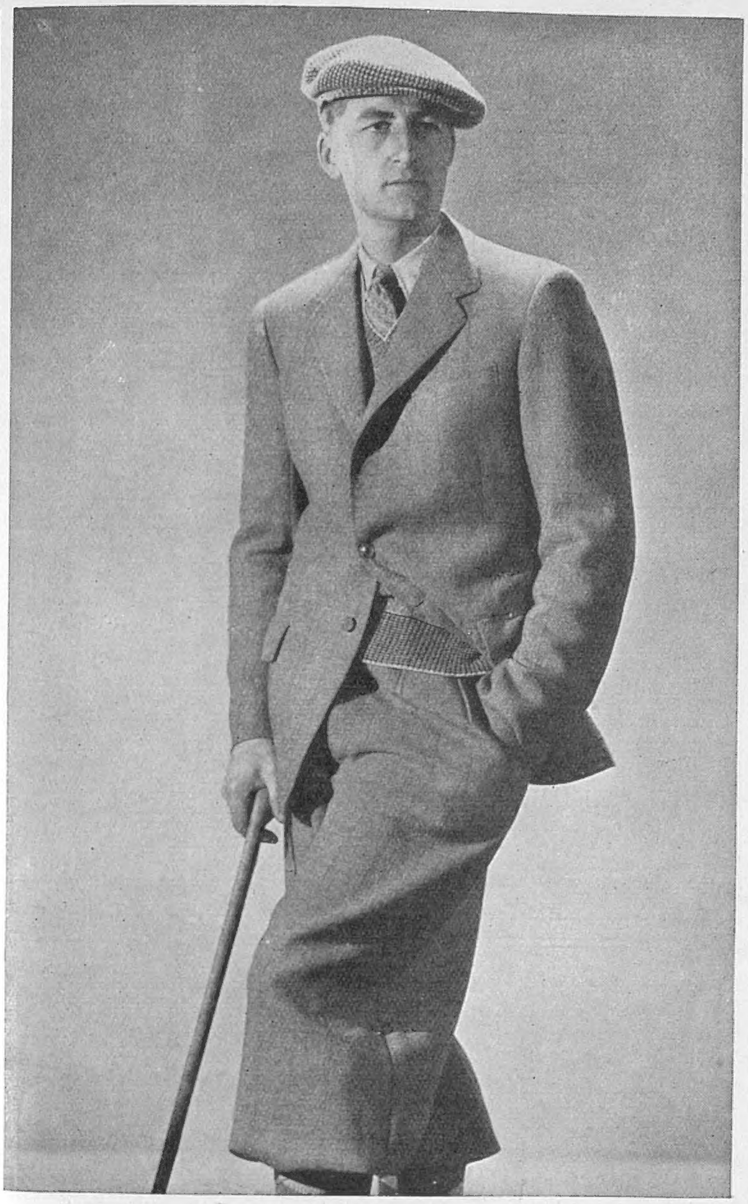

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.—(Continued from Page 44.)

"Death at Broadcasting House." "Death at Broadcasting House" has a certain freshness and originality—qualities, however, which manifest themselves rather in the atmosphere than in the plot. The plot has no very remarkable features, except that the suspects only number five, one of whom is eliminated half-way through. Mr. Gielgud and his collaborator show great ingenuity in keeping the balance between the remaining four. The setting gives verisimilitude to the story, and is not allowed to become too prominent or technical. The characters are varied, and it was gratifying to see Scotland Yard score so heavily at the expense of Bannister, though he is an amiable young man whose love-affair is kept discreetly in the background.

"On the Volga." A Socialist of the old school like William Morris would not have approved of the Bolshevik worship of machinery, for he only tolerated the machine as a means to leisure, whereas to the Bolsheviks it is a symbol of everything towards which the new life is striving. Panteleimon Romanof, one of the best and most impartial novelists in Russia to-day, gives some striking pictures of factory life in his collection of short stories, "On the Volga," and makes very plain the differences between the New Economic Man and the muddle-headed, ignorant Russian of the old régime. The cleavage between the two generations, the two ways of thinking (if such they can be called), could not be made clearer than it is in "One of Us," where the engineer son returns to his home and finds his father still unsocialised, working for his own hand, perplexed and angry with the young "Komsomols" who cold-shoulder him and spend their leisure inexplicably playing football. The author sympathises, I imagine, with these clear-eyed youngsters, emancipated from their parents' superstition. But he is too much of an artist not to let us see things a little through old Alexei's eyes. We realise that he is hide-bound and opinionated, and behind the times. But we also feel the warmth of his personality; whereas his son, frigid, sensible, self-assured, is like a personification of efficiency, and he sends a shiver through us when he speaks. The title-story, which tells of an execution, is amazingly cold-blooded; the anxiety of the soldier to possess himself of the condemned woman's scarf makes one wonder whether the Bolsheviks can be accounted human beings. But not all the stories are devoid of tenderness. "Loneliness" is extremely touching; and "Don't You Worry About That" is full of pathos, and shows how the typical Bolshevik indifference to personal suffering can rise into nobility.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Queen's Wigs. By Naomi Royde-Smith. *(Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)*
Murder in Trinidad. By John W. Vandercook. *(Hienemann; 7s. 6d.)*
Escape Me Never. By Margaret Kennedy. *(Heinemann; 3s. 6d.)*
Death at Broadcasting House. By Val Gielgud and Holt Marvell. *(Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.)*
On the Volga. By Panteleimon Romanof. *(Benn; 7s. 6d.)*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Haymarket). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30. —Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"AFTERWARDS" (Whitehall). 8.30.—Walter Hackett's farce. Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, Gordon Harker.

"HERE'S HOW" (Saville). 8.30.—George Robey and June. Excellent dancing. U.S.A. humour.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"DOUBLE DOOR" (Globe). 8.30.—Sybil Thorndike, Owen Nares, Carol Goodner, Sebastian Shaw, in "Grand Guignol."

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30. —By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30. —Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Printemps and Noël—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero of some exciting incidents.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. Baliol Holloway; Lesley Wareing; Agnes Lauchlan.

"NURSE CAVELL" (Vaudeville). 8.30. —Nancy Price admirably cast in record of heroism perfectly produced.

"WITHOUT WITNESS" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Crime play with suspense sustained. Good acting. Nicholas Hannen

"MAGNOLIA STREET" (Adelphi). 8.30. —Louis Golding's "best-seller" plus Komisarjevsky's stagecraft.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"CATHERINE THE GREAT" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—Elisabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., in a spectacular slice of Russian history.

"UNFINISHED SYMPHONY" (Curzon). —A Schubertian romance, pictorially and musically charming.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LA ROBE ROUGE" (Academy).—Interesting adaptation of Brieux's famous play.

"90° SOUTH" (Academy).—Captain Scott's last Antarctic Expedition.

"THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE" (Empire).—Jeanette Macdonald and Ramon Novarro in musical comedy.

"THE SCOTLAND YARD MYSTERY" (Rialto).—Well-acted British "thriller," starring Sir Gerald du Maurier.

"THE WORLD CHANGES" (Regal).—Paul Muni in the life-story of a Chicago "meat king."

"MATTERHORN" (Polytechnic).—For its Alpine thrills.

"JACK AHOY!" (Polytechnic).—Hulbert, A.B., on active service.

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"SCANDALS" (Capitol).—George White's revue.

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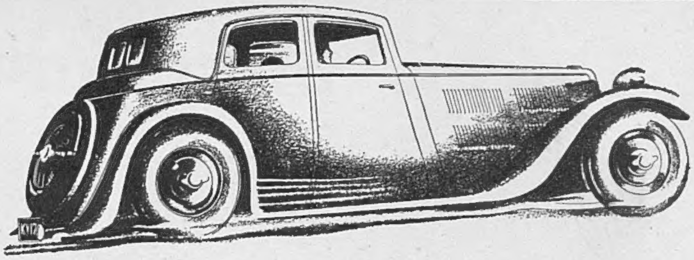

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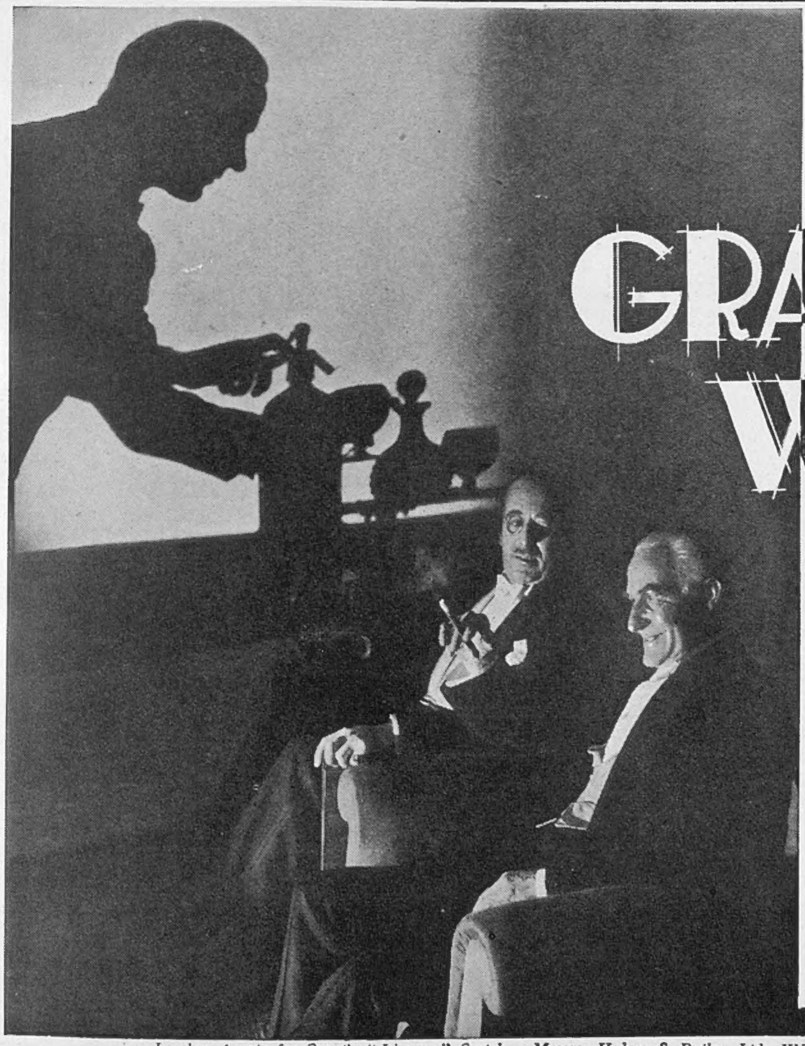

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Ethelred: "The position is this. I intended to go to the races to-day, but I wasn't ready. It is most annoying because I had told everybody to back DANEGELD, although they regarded it as a rank outsider. I thought of sending a messenger to you, but I couldn't get one ready in time. Now the Danish colt has won."

Duggie: "What would you like me to do about it?"

Ethelred: "I thought that if I told you how much I intended to put on, and what odds I hoped to receive, you might pay me the money I should have won."

Duggie: "Ah-ha! I can see you have been reading my advertisements. Well, if you have such difficulty in getting ready you must certainly open an account with me. And in the meantime I shall be only too happy to settle this little matter. How much were you going to put on?"

Ethelred: "Everything I had—about £5,000."

Duggie: "And let me see, what was the starting price?"

Ethelred: "I don't know, but it's ten to one it was long odds."

Duggie: "Ten to one, did you say? Very well, I will let you have my cheque for £50,000. Will you deign to accept it?"

Ethelred: "Dane ! ! ! I never want to hear the word again . . . But I will accept, for believe me, I need the 'ready'. I really am enthusiastic about your generosity, Duggie."

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